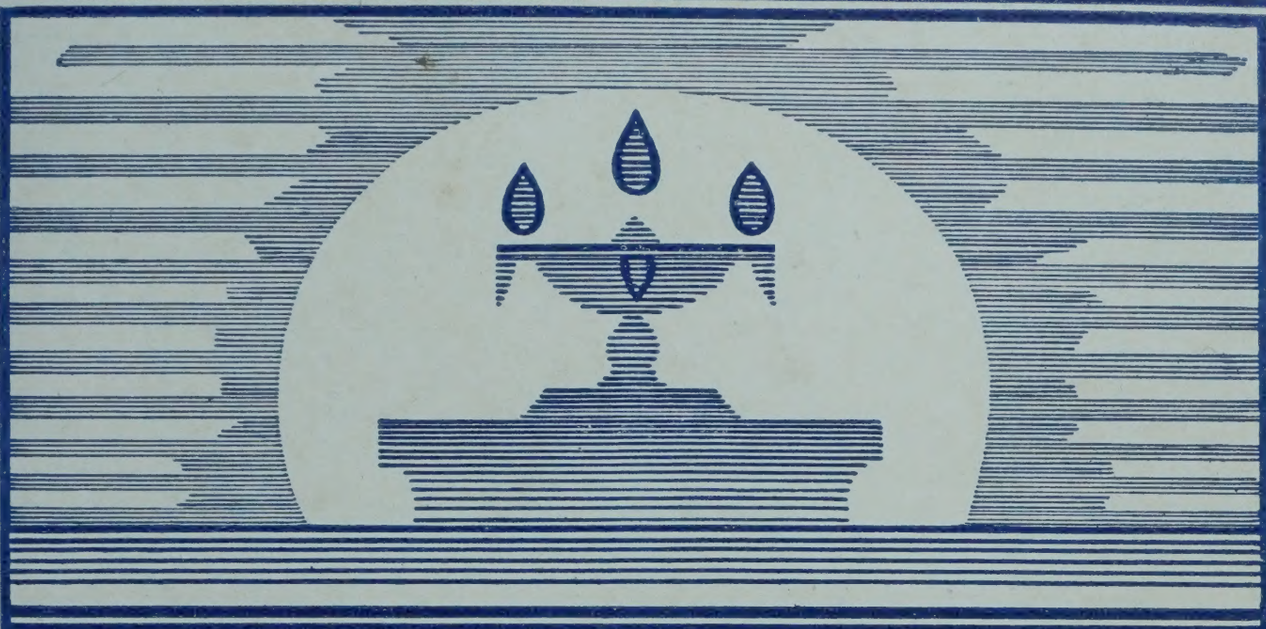

The ARYAN PATH

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIV JANUARY 1963 No. 1

MODERN KNOWLEDGE AND ANCIENT WISDOM

IGNORANCE AND GLAMOUR OF CIVILIZATION

[WE reprint the following from THE ARYAN PATH for January 1948. As the editorial note in that issue pointed out, it forms a portion of a chapter in a book, then unpublished, by **Shri Shri-Krishna Prem**, the author of a series of profound articles on the *Gita* which were, after their first appearance in THE ARYAN PATH, published as *The Yoga of the Bhagavat Gita.*

This article is in the nature of an introduction to the study of the Stanzas of Dzyan which form the basis of Vol. II: Anthropogenesis of *The Secret Doctrine* by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky. Shri Shri-Krishna Prem uses plain speech regarding the pretensions of our age to real knowledge; there is an exact wisdom behind these criticisms.—ED.]

IN PASSING to the second set of Stanzas, those which deal with the origin and development of man upon this earth up to the present moment, it is inevitable that the occult teachings should be harder for the ordinary modern man to accept. The first set dealt with the problems of cosmic origination, that is to say with matters so remote that they arouse comparatively little opposition. We are now passing on to what may be termed family matters about which discussion is always liable to be intensely acrimonious. We shall have much to say that seems quite contrary to what modern science teaches and that, too, on subjects upon which modern science considers itself quite qualified to speak. It is unfortunate that it should be so but the plain truth is that the accepted scientific view of human origins is hopelessly at variance with the facts, and therefore, though we shall attempt to point out any points of contact that may be possible we shall proceed upon our own path undaunted even if, instead of the half dozen or so actually known, whole legions of

pithecanthropus erectus and other varieties of *monstrum horrendum informe* "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa" should squeak and gibber in our pathway.

The whole structure of modern so-called science is based on *Avidyā* or Ignorance. No matter to what heights it may raise its ferro-concrete blocks, no matter to what immense distances its chromium-plated turrets may flash in the sunlight, the whole imposing structure is hollow and insecure with the inherent insecurity of a house of cards. It is based on ignorance for it is based exclusively on the sense-perceptions of the ordinary psychically undeveloped man who is — ignorant.

Not one thing can such a man perceive *Yathābhūtam,* as it really is. To every single one of the perceptions which make up his world he either adds something of his own or else takes away something that is there. No hocus-pocus of checking and cross-references, no elaborateness of instrumentation can affect the matter. The entire body of so-called scientific knowledge is based ultimately on the perceptions of men whose ignorance of their own true nature inevitably distorts *every single perception* within their field of vision. On such a foundation of error what knowledge can be built? That is why the Teachers have always proclaimed that the world of common sense, however its hollow pillars may be "grouted" by modern science, is "a ball of foam, a bubble, a desert mirage, a plantain trunk, a *Māyā* or magic show."[1]

It may be replied that this is all very well but, even admitting the unsatisfactory nature of modern knowledge, it is the best that is available and beggars must not be choosers. To this it is replied that it is not the best that is available and that we are not necessarily beggars. There are, even today, Those who are not ignorant of or at war with their own inner nature, whose outer nature is therefore not unbalanced and whose perceptions are therefore undistorted. It is upon *their* perceptions that the true or hidden science is built. There is also a Way that leads to such a state of inner balance and wisdom. There are also those who have travelled varying distances along that Way and whose perceptions, however far short of the final truth, are yet far truer than anything available to the ordinary psychically unharmonized man, however intellectually "scientific."

During a time of war all knowledge is prostituted to the service of the warring powers. That which can help us against our enemies is useful — all else is useless and to be ignored as far as possible. Truth is subject to

[1] The Buddha, quoted by Nagarjuna. The trunk of the plantain or banana tree is composed of thin papery sheets with absolutely no central core.

the necessities of propaganda which fill the air to such an extent that universal scepticism is the only possible result. Under such conditions how can knowledge or wisdom flourish? But just that is the condition of the ordinary man and, for reasons clear to a psychologist but which we need not go into here, above all to [of] the scientist. He is engaged in war, in that most bitter of all wars, civil war in fact. He is at war with his own inner nature, with all that in himself which, denied access to the daylight of life, by the one-sidedness of the conscious attitude of mind, remains underground, revengeful and implacable, the dark dragon moon of sorcery which from its hidden caves sends forth illusions to strew our path and in a thousand ways brings all our plans to naught.

Only he who has dared to enter that dark cave, who has fought with and drunk the blood of the dragon, can stand erect crowned with the full-moon of wisdom and only he can gaze in all directions with the clear, far-shining, all-revealing Eye of Truth. For Him and of Him is wisdom; all else is ignorance and folly. Therefore let us commence by saluting the Wisdom shining in His eyes with the ancient mantra of the Buddhists:—

> Arrived, arrived, arrived at the Other Shore,
> Utterly established on that Other Shore,
> O Wisdom, salutation!

One further question will still perhaps be raised. Granting that by achieving a state of psychic unity and balance (which we can only suppose is what underlies all your dragon rhetoric), granting that by such achievement our perception of the outer world would be a truer one than it is at present, how would it give us knowledge of a past that is far removed from the perceptions even of your moon-crowned hero? In short, how can we expect to gain true and direct knowledge of events that happened so long ago that they can never be objects of perception to anyone now? To this we can only answer in the words of Browning's Rabbi: "Fool, all that is at all, lasts ever past recall." Where do the modern scientists gain their so-called knowledge of the past? Where but from the two receptacles of all that is or ever has been — the Heavens above us and the Earth beneath. On the broad, shining forehead of the Heavens as well as in the dark bosom of the Earth are traced the images of all that ever has been and, indeed, of all that ever will be. They are the mighty universal Parents and from their Divine memory not one image of all those that have made up the lives of their children can pass away. Not one sparrow, as Christ taught, falls to the ground without

the witnessing consciousness of the Heavens nor, we may add, without being received into the heart of the Earth Mother on whose breast it falls.

Assuredly it is not the "record of the rocks" about which scientists talk so much nor yet the movements of the heavens about which they know so little with which the hidden teachings have any quarrel but only with the purblind and bewitched eyes of those who excavate the former and contemplate the latter. As long as the *observers* are bewitched so long will the observations be a tissue of illusion.

There will of course be those who will point triumphantly to the mechanical achievements of the age, the automatic electric tea-kettles and what not, and ask if such achievements could spring from illusion. Yes, it is just *such* achievements that do spring from illusions but we have no quarrel with those who are content to revel in them. They are entirely welcome to go on sipping their synthetic scientific tea out of their grainless bakelite cups, listening to wireless talks which flatter their marvellous intelligences until they are weary of the sheer hideous sterility of the whole performance, or, what is more likely, until the great daemons of destruction who are being invoked by such a one-sided construction in the heart of life arise and shatter the whole structure to pieces so as to give place to a more harmonious one.

We know that such things must needs be and can only wait in patience till the slow starry cycles make it possible once more for men to live in houses instead of in sterile "flats," to worship in the temples of the Gods instead of in the sordid office "blocks" of the present age.

It is time, however, to return to the hidden teachings concerning the origin of man. That Teaching is, as we have said, written in living images of light upon the outspread forehead of the Heavens above. It is also carefully preserved, layer upon layer, in the secret libraries of the Earth beneath our feet. But neither of these records is sufficient by itself. It is as though every being at its death were divided into a front and a back, the former soaring to the sky, the latter sinking to rest in earth. Only when the two sides are re-united can that being be seen as a reality. In truth there is no "as though" about it but plain fact.

> My life-breath to the Deathless Winds (of Heaven),
> My body ends in Ashes (*i.e.* Earth).[2]

The same truth is found in the Taoist teaching that each man has two "souls" or psychic principles, the *shén* or expansive spirit of light

[2] *Ishopanishad*, 17.

and the dark contractive *kuei* which returns to earth.

But not in polarized isolation can the Real exist. Neither front nor back is the man himself and both must be re-united if we would know him "in his habit as he lived." He whose eyes are fixed exclusively upon the Stars above breaks his toes upon the stones of earth or falls into a pit; while he whose eyes are fixed upon the earth loses the guidance that he might have had and all the light of life. It is only he who knows the Heavens of *Vidyā* and the Earth of *Avidyā* "both together" of whom it is said that "by the knowledge of *Avidyā* crossing beyond death, by the knowledge of *Vidyā* he attains Immortality."[3]

Hence it is not enough to talk as have some of reading "the Akashik records," though those records undoubtedly exist and not all the empty vapourings of charlatans and dupes can affect their eternal truth. They are true with the utter truth of the constellations whose shining Wheel turns daily on the pivot of the Pole. But that Wheel, like lesser ones, is supported on an axis, the great World Axis, or Meru whose summit is that Star but whose other end is rooted deeply in the Navel of the Earth. At one end of this mightly Axis is the Wheel of Heaven, turning for ever sun-wise in majestic light-filled movement. At the other end is the dark anti-sunwise motion of the Wheel of Earth, while from the union of these two opposite rotations the universal Chariot of Becoming rolls on its cyclic path. This is the *vaṭṭa* and *vivaṭṭa*[4] of the Buddhists, the rolling outwards and rolling back, which two are simultaneous and for ever linked together by the Universal Axis. There are those who imagine that these two "rollings" occupy successive periods of time. That first there is a great unrolling or evolution of the cosmos followed many aeons after by the withdrawal, devolution or rolling up. Those who think thus, however, are deluded, and caught like grain between the opposite revolving mill-stones of *karma,* are ground to powder. The true vision was that of the Buddhist Arhat Migajāla who exclaimed: "Well taught has it been by Him, the All-Seeing Buddha, Kinsman of the Sun (the Eightfold Aryan Path), through which all bonds are left behind, all rollings (*vaṭṭan*) whatsoever destroyed."[5] The Aryan Path here referred to is the famous Middle Path, the Path between the two Extremes and, from the particular point of view set forth above, it is

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[3] *Ishopanishad,* 11.

[4] Sanskrit *varta* or rolling and *vivarta* or unrolling. The Pali *Netti-pakarana* defines: *vattan sansaro, vivattan nibbanan,* i.e., the rolling out is the world and the rolling back is Nirvana. Both movements however are on one axis: "There is no difference at all between *Nirvana* and *Sansara* (the World). no difference at all."—Nagarjuna.

[5] *Theragatha,* 217.

the mystic Axis of the World. He who bestrides the Centre is beyond all sorrow for ever. "High peace it brings and bliss lies at the end."

Thus it is not sufficient to read the "Akashik" records unless they are combined with the reading of what we will term the Earth Memory as well. Referring once again to the *Ishopanishad* we can say: "Into blind darkness enter those who are devoted to *Avidyā* (the Earth Memory) alone but into an even greater darkness as it were, fall those who are solely devoted to *Vidyā*," which latter we can here equate with those who attempt to read the Heavens alone. This saying, which has been a stumbling block to many, and, in fact to all advocates of a one-sided spirituality, is profoundly true. One-sided, and therefore distorted, study of the earth on which we dwell leads to the darkness of materialism as it has done in the case of our scientists, but it is no less true that one-sided devotion to the spiritual leads to an enslavement to earth which is, "as it were," even worse because unconscious. The Web of Life is a mingled tissue as we have seen in the first set of Stanzas (III. 10), a tissue woven of gold and silver thread or, if the phrase be preferred, of the polar opposites, Spirit and Matter. If one half, the Lunar or Silver one in this case, be ignored, it undergoes a sinister change, and, taking on the form of the dark Moon of sorcery, it pierces our back with its malignant arrows, hunts us with fierce dogs and thwarts our every effort. We cannot see those dogs, those arrows nor that darkly blinding Moon; hence our darkness is said to be even worse than that of the materialists.

The Akashik records are there, their gleaming images are the record of the past, or at least of one half of it, and they can become visible to the subtle inner eyes of the man who desires strongly enough to read them and who devotes himself utterly to the task. They can be read and yet, like that famous "little book" of the Revelations that was "sweet in the mouth but bitter in the belly," they are a source of little but sorrow to their devotee. Forgetting, or perhaps never realizing, that they are but half-things, mere gleaming shadows, disembodied spirits which, like all such, are subject to the wand of the great Enchanter, Desire, the clairvoyant loses himself in their heaven of bright shapes and brings back to earth naught but dust and ashes. Never yet has any unmixed good come from clairvoyance nor by it has any unmixed truth been revealed.[6]

---

[6] Of H.P.B.'s Footnote 18 to *The Voice of the Silence*. "It is the great 'Astral Serpent' of Eliphas Levi. No blossom plucked in those regions has ever yet been brought down to earth without its serpent coiled around the stem. It is the world of *The Great Illusion*."

At risk of being thought dogmatic and also of being misunderstood we will say boldly that not one iota of the sacred Inner Teachings has been based upon what is known as clairvoyance though many truths, gained otherwise, have taken advantage of clairvoyance to robe or veil themselves for average human sight. If H.P.B. herself be quoted as an example we will say that it should not be forgotten that the title *Isis Unveiled* was not her choice but that of a perhaps unwise publisher. *Her* title for the book was *The Veil of Isis* which is exactly what it was, the glittering starry veil which indicates the presence of, yet hides, the sacred body of the Truth. As the old inscriptions truly stated: "no mortal has ever yet raised that Veil"; no, nor ever will.[7] In Éliphas Levi's pregnant phrase, "all revealing is reveiling." Truly no mortal may look upon Isis in her nakedness and live: let him who seeks to tread this Path take note of this. Before his heart pronounces the fatal words "I seek" let him realize that though *he* may seek, an Other will find and that the Gateway through which he must pass is the Gate of Death.

KRISHNA PREM

THEOSOPHIA:

Wisdom-religion, or "Divine Wisdom." The substratum and basis of all the world-religions and philosophies, taught and practised by a few elect ever since man became a thinking being. In its practical bearing, Theosophy is purely *divine ethics*. . . .

—H. P. BLAVATSKY: *The Theosophical Glossary*

It is true that H.P.B. is here speaking of the Astral Light which is, as she often stated, only the lowest level or correlate of the true *Akasha*. But the principle is the same and in point of fact none but he who bestrides the Middle Path can ever soar so high as the true *Akasha*. The clairvoyant's *Akasha* will *in fact* be the Astral Light and nothing more.

[7] We often read nowadays of the New Age and of how things formerly whispered in secret may now be openly proclaimed. Let not modern vanity be flattered by that. If certain things held secret in former ages may now be proclaimed from the housetops it is because in those former ages they would have been, at least, partially understood by those who heard them whereas now they will not be understood at all. In some periods truth is covered with a veil of darkness, at others with a veil of light. The latter is the more impenetrable of the two.

THE PRIMORDIAL MYTHS

A NOTE ON THE WORKS OF PROFESSOR MIRCEA ELIADE

[**Mr. Philip Mairet** is a distinguished writer and translator. He has been especially interested in Adlerian psychology and in Guild Socialism. He was associated with the late A. R. Orage and succeeded on his death to the editorship of *The New Age*. His translation of Professor Mircea Eliade's *Images and Symbols* was published in 1961.—Ed.]

Symbols and myths, considered as instruments of ideation and communication, are of a higher power than words or verbal concepts. A word may be simply a label which our minds attach to a particular thing such as a spade or a star. More abstractly, it may stand for a simple quality or state of things, such as "length" or "Motion." At a higher level of abstraction we use such words as "sovereignty," "legality," "motivation," etc., which are complexes of simpler abstractions; and higher still are the complex ideas communicated by images and symbols. These may also be named by words; but merely to name a symbol — such as the cross, the solar disc, the tree of life or the tau — does not begin to tell us what it stands for in the minds of those who use it as a symbol. And at the highest level of all are the conceptions by which men seek to convey traditional or intuitional knowledge about the nature and destiny of man, which can only be done by images in motion, as it were — in narrative form. Those are the myths, including the little myths we call "parables."

The ways in which man has understood and explained to himself his own existence and the mysteries of being were primordially mythological and symbolic. And so they are to this day, for the great, essential problems of life are beyond the range of logic and concepts and belong to the realm of religion. The whole history of symbology and mythology is thus bound up with that of religion: in order to understand the nature and the function of the mythopoeic faculty in man, we shall expect to find some of our best guides among the historians of religions. And upon this point none of them is so illuminating as Professor Mircea Eliade.

Eliade studied and wrote at the University of Bucharest until the Communists overran Rumania, since when he has worked in France and in the United States. He also lived for a time in India, learning yoga under an Indian *guru*, and has written a book on *Yoga, Immortality and Freedom*. But from the first he has been a historian of religions, is

perhaps the profoundest student of the most primitive religions, and he first became widely known through his treatise on *Shamanism*. It was in the study of this most archaic type of priesthood, which still survived here and there all over the world, that Eliade found the key to some of the most universal mythological motifs. For it was the shamans (whether in Siberia, North or South America, or elsewhere) who imparted to men the knowledge that man's true realization of his spiritual being is not simply given to him; that it is something which, with very rare exceptions, is attained only through initiatory experience of the nature of an ordeal; that the preparation for this is normally an apprenticeship under obedience to a predecessor in the same spiritual vocation while the decisive realization is an inward, solitary experience of death and rebirth. This critical event is manifested in various ways; the neophyte frequently undergoes a period of severe, mysterious illness, or subjects himself to a cruelly painful psycho-physical ordeal. Various as are the practices, the general pattern of initiation to shamanic status presents striking analogies, even between societies of extreme geographical remoteness from one another; and the same is true of the trials and ordeals of initiation at puberty which all the boys of such societies have to undergo. But above all, the ceremonies of shamanic intercession with the supernatural powers show fundamental patterns of mythology and cosmology which are more or less clearly discernible in many religions of the world, including some of the most highly developed. This seems to be most clearly so, for instance, with some conceptions of the creation of the world, of the "fall" of man from a state of being nearer to the divine, and of the distinction between "sacred" and "profane" time.

This distinction between two kinds of time is an important element throughout Eliade's comparative study of religions. The worshipper who joins — let us say — sincerely in worship in an American church is stepping out of the profane time of ordinary life, and into sacred time, just as a Siberian nomad does so when he assists at the ritual of the shaman's ascent through the seven heavens, celebrated in the Tartars' yurt. When the medicine-man of a North American tribe treats a patient's illness by reciting the whole cosmogonic myth over him, both celebrant and patient are similarly removing themselves into sacred time, the time of the beginnings, in which the creative, and therefore the restorative, powers reside. In certain moments, as in the sacred ritual itself, the two modalities of Time intersect, but we know sacred time only in those events which connect the world of nature and man with the divine. *In illo tempore* (as the priest says before beginning to read the Gospel),

one is always present at the cosmic creation, or at a moment of the transmutation of the natural and temporal into the transcendent and eternal.

Myths, according to Eliade, "reveal the structures of reality and the multiple modalities of being in the world." Man's mythopoeic activity cannot therefore cease even in a technological culture, not even among the masses who have lost contact with all religious tradition and observance. Eliade has little difficulty in demonstrating the existence of continual re-appearances of primordial myths in contemporary Western culture — in works of fiction, in the cinema, not least in the sphere of political ideals and objectives. The same archetypal motives that have shaped the religions are still operative unconsciously, in repressed or degenerate versions, even when the forms of current philosophy and education have a completely "de-sacralized" man's perception of his world.

The word "archetypal" recalls us to the use that Eliade has made of modern depth-psychology and his indebtedness to Jung as well as to Freud in his systematic study of symbolism. The meaning of this concept "archetype," which many people have found so difficult, is very clearly illustrated, I think, by one of the most entertaining, as well as instructive, of the historical instances cited by Mircea Eliade.

In the days when the first navigators were discovering the unknown continents and bringing back accounts of the primitive societies they found there, it was the fashion among utopians and idealists to hymn the praises of the "noble savage," and early travellers in the newly-discovered lands joined in the chorus. The virtuous "savages" were thought to be living in idyllic conditions of innocent nudity, exemplary family morale, sexual freedom and community of property. European intellectuals who were already discrediting the Biblical myths of Paradise ascribed to these "noble savages" (of whom they had such scanty and inaccurate knowledge) all the virtues possessed by Adam before the Fall. Nor was this merely a passing infatuation: it was of lasting and serious political importance, inspiring much revolutionary idealism. Jean-Jacques Rousseau based his social aspirations upon it.

But the "primitive" peoples upon whom this archetypal notion was thus projected had very different ideas about their own condition, as ethnological science has since found out. For they too regarded themselves as having "fallen" from a higher state of being. They too believed that they were descended from remote ancestors who had enjoyed a life of paradisal happiness and also a privileged intercourse with the gods which was now attained only by the shamans, and by them only at the

climax of the shamanic ceremonies. Now, this archetypal religious notion, that men once lived in a state of bliss from which work, suffering, illness, and death were absent, but "fell" from that condition in consequence of some offence to heaven, reappears in most of the religions, associated with other archetypes such as the Tree of Life, authority over animals, etc., and also, of course, in many secular, poetic myths of a golden age.

Eliade's comparative studies of myths and symbols are of an immense range: those that deal with the most primitive cultures constitute the major part of his work, by no means the whole, but to these I have limited my remarks for two reasons. First, because the humanity and humility which have enabled Eliade to enter so deeply into "the spiritual universe of the 'exotic' and 'primitive' peoples" are most evident and most obviously fruitful in that domain. There is no trace of that superiority of the European savant in the presence of supposedly elementary cultures which so few manage wholly to eradicate and which is far from being absent from the great and valuable works of the late Sir J. G. Frazer. By Eliade, the myths, symbols, and rites of an Oceanian or an African people are treated with the same respect and readiness to learn (even though they may reveal terrible or aberrant aspects) as we should devote to Western cultural phenomena.

Secondly, in the most archaic versions of primordial myths he discerns elements of universal insight and wisdom that were present before the coming of the world religions of East and West. By these they were partly transfigured but still largely retained: for all the infinity of forms that have been discarded much remains living in the spiritual heritage that is common to all mankind, and much more, he believes, can be profitably elucidated. And this brings us to the sense of purpose which has inspired all Eliade's labours.

Many have believed in, or hoped for, a *philosophia perennis* that should comprehend all the spiritual knowledge and insight of all races. What Eliade aspires to is something very different from an intellectual synthesis: but he has a quite definite conception of the function of the history of religions and of his own contribution to it in this epoch of world civilization.

Members of the present world religions have begun to hold conferences for mutual enlightenment about their different faiths: but, as Eliade points out, such efforts are occurring in the context of a far wider meeting and confrontation, between

the two types of mentality that might be called, for simplicity's sake, the traditional and the modern; the first being characteristic of man in the archaic and the Oriental societies, the second of man in modern societies of Western type.

The confrontation of these two kinds of mental attitude has been rapidly forced into consciousness in the last quarter of a century by the sudden entry of the "exotic" and "primitive" peoples of the whole world into the orbit of world history. The political and economic adjustments required by this situation are being slowly recognized; but Eliade is pleading for a labour of mutual interpretation upon a deeper level, without which such practical adjustments may have little or only illusory success.

His books are addressed primarily to readers in the West, urging them to enter more deeply and seriously into the "dialogue" that they will have to carry on with the Oriental, African, and other peoples. He warns them that European culture, if it does not develop a capacity to "reckon with other ways of knowing and other scales of values" besides its own, may decline into provincialism and sterility. He believes, however, that the culture of Europe has shown signs, even in advance of the present critical situation, of developments which may be a preparation to meet the challenge. The discoveries and movements of thought concerned with the unconscious, with symbolism in art and poetry, and with non-representational painting may prove to have been providential in helping to "loosen-up" the Western imagination and enable it to cope with the thought-forms of non-European cultures. Not least of these is the new appreciation, by the ethnologists, not only of the "importance of symbolism in archaic thinking, but of its coherence, its validity, its speculative power and its 'nobility.' "

Of that nobility the most convincing demonstration is surely to be found in Eliade's own masterly expositions of the nature of mythological thinking. And for the proof that such thinking is powerful, ubiquitous and ineradicable in man — well, as the same author reminds us:—

> ... an abundant psychological literature has now accustomed us to rediscoveries of both the big and the little mythologies in the unconscious and half-conscious activity of every individual.

PHILIP MAIRET

BODHISATTVAS IN THE WEST

[**Mr. Michael Byrom** writes with freshness and independent thought. By drawing an analogy (not perhaps strictly accurate but suggestive) with the profound Mahayana doctrine which describes the diverse spiritual conditions and stages of Bodhisattvas — future Buddhas — he brings home to us the singleness of Man's entire spiritual experience. Too often does "religion" fence off a portion of human life as peculiarly its own. Properly, Religion ought to illuminate and guide (which it can do only by rightly appreciating and evaluating) such intense approaches to Reality as art and science too. Another aspect of the subject will be dealt with in Mr. Byrom's forthcoming article, "The Once-Returning and the Never-Returning."—Ed.]

When the French painter Paul Gauguin went to the South Seas in an effort to free himself from the persecution of bourgeois morality, he was relieved to find that the native Marquesans had no word for "sin." Yet neither had they a word for "beauty," and Gauguin soon discovered that a semi-savage painter is no more at home among semi-savages than he is among ordinary civilized people. Less so, in fact, because even among ordinary civilized people there are some who appreciate the fine arts. Art as well as morality is part of civilization.

Put metaphysically, this means that knowledge of Beauty or Truth is connected in some way with knowledge of Goodness; both in fact are different aspects of spiritual awareness. I do not mean that a painter must necessarily be religious or that aesthetics are part of religion. But I do mean that for a balanced consideration of the spiritual life it is as important to study the arts as it is to study religion or religious philosophy. The gap between the arts and religion can only be bridged by philosophy, yet the highest philosophy, religious philosophy, rarely considers the arts except to dismiss them as superfluous in the quest for Divine knowledge. A very great painter or musician would be justified in dismissing religion on the same grounds. For there are devious routes to the Ultimate. "In my Father's house there are many mansions."

Originally this saying had an exclusively religious context. In the New Testament, it refers presumably to the graduated levels of faith, from the newly awakened or the "called" to the "chosen" or the "elect"; that is, from the good man to the saint. But the House of God, besides having several storeys, has several wings. The ground floor, for instance, is not the exclusive domain of the morally awakened, but of the aesthetically awakened and the intellectually awakened; even scientists have

room on the ground floor (though their windows probably do not face the south).

To define the graduated scale of spiritual awakenment it is necessary to turn to some work other than the New Testament. The *Lankavatara Sutra* of Mahayana Buddhism expresses the same mystical philosophy, but, as the writer is an intellectual rather than a poet like Jesus, the result is not a collection of brilliant witticisms and colourful parables but a methodical exposition of detailed concepts. Here, we find that there are ten definite stages of Bodhisattvahood commencing with the "disciple" and culminating in the Tathagata, of whom Buddha himself must be the supreme example. "There are," the Blessed One says, "as many kinds of disciples as there are individuals," but for convenience "they may be subdivided into three groups: the Stream-entered, the Once-returning, and the Never-returning." The Stream-entered can also be subdivided into two groups: the newly-awakened "disciples" (*shravakas*) and the more advanced "masters" (*pratyekabuddhas*). To understand the difference between these two classes of spiritually-awakened beings, an outline of Mahayana Buddhist metaphysics is necessary.

There are three minds: "the Discriminating Mind"; "the Intuitive Mind"; and "Universal Mind." Universal Mind is Mind-Essence or Ultimate Reality; what Jesus called the Kingdom of Heaven and what Christians call "God." This is the domain of the Once-returning and the Never-returning. The Intuitive Mind is the domain of the "masters" and the Discriminating Mind is the domain of the "disciples." The sense-minds and their centralized discriminating-mind are related to the external world which is a manifestation of the discriminating-mind and are given over to perceiving, discriminating, and grasping its *maya*-like appearances. This is known as "the dualistic view of things": "mind and what belongs to it"; "an ego-soul and its belongings."

> Between Universal Mind and the individual Discriminating Mind is the Intuitive Mind (*manas*) which is dependent upon Universal Mind for its cause and support and enters into relations with both. . . .
>
> Universal Mind is its cause and support, but it is evolved along with the notion of an ego and what belongs to it, to which it clings and upon which it reflects. . . . Like Universal Mind, it cannot be the source of error. . . .
>
> The Discriminating Mind is a dancer and a magician with the objective world as his stage. Intuitive Mind is the wise jester who travels with the magician and reflects upon his emptiness and transiency. Universal Mind keeps the record and knows what must be and what may be.

Clearly, "the Discriminating Mind" is what is called Reality in the everyday world; it is the elementary consciousness of worldly people. It is the normal condition of the world; a state of total ignorance (the blind leading the blind); the state of unregenerate, natural men and women making up most of the world's population. It is from these that the many who are "called" are drawn. The "disciples" are ordinary people in so far as they are ego-centred and world-centred, but their awakening spiritual awareness entitles them to be classed as Stream-entered Bodhisattvas. The phenomenal world is wholly real to them, hence they are called Realists. Individual personality (both their own and other people's) is wholly real to them. Therefore, they champion individualism and affirm the natural world in whatever form their awakenment expresses itself. They will be optimistic, ambitious, self-assertive, and self-confident. Because the world is real to them, they are at home in it and will probably go far in it. They make the Great Men of the world; its leaders and reformers. They are the idealists great and small; the men-with-a-mission, the Salvationists and crusading evangelists; the humanitarians such as the vegetarians and anti-vivisectionists; the pacifists and conscientious objectors. Such are the manifestations of discipleship in the West, under which heading must also be included all genuine church Christians, priests and laity, excluding, however, the Sunday idolater or worldly churchgoer who is not inspired or creative in any spiritual sense.

"In this same class of disciples," says the Blessed One, "are the earnest disciples of other faiths, who, clinging to the notions of such things as the soul as an eternal entity, Supreme Atman, Personal God, seek a Nirvana that is in harmony with them."

Now it is at this point that I wish to broaden the Buddhist outlook to include as spiritually awakened beings not only those who are morally creative, but also those who are aesthetically creative and intellectually creative. From the religious point of view, the spiritual life is exclusively associated with moral practice despite the incontrovertible fact that it is impossible to separate the Good from either the True or the Beautiful. The real reason for this prejudice lies in the specialist or lopsided nature of the religious person who is usually neither intellectually nor aesthetically inclined. But he rationalizes his prejudice by saying that the arts and philosophies are unimportant as they are preoccupied with profane appearances; they are, in fact, worldly.

This does not make sense because, as we have seen in the *Lankavatara Sutra,* this is precisely how the Stream-entered disciple is defined. Their

minds "are joyful when studying about and practising the things belonging to appearances that can be discriminated. . . ." Worldliness is characteristic of Stream-entered disciples who differ from ordinary men and women solely by being morally inspired; that is, their consciousness of good and evil is greater than that of a normal person with the result that they find themselves elevated above average humanity. The same can be said of a poet, a painter, a musician, or an actor: namely, that he differs from ordinary men and women solely by being inspired; that his consciousness of beauty and ugliness, of truth and falsehood, is greater than that of a normal person with the result that he finds himself elevated above average humanity. He may be a moral cretin, but he has as much right to be classed as a spiritual being as a colour-blind Jehovah's Witness with no ear for music! In practice, it is by no means exceptional for a painter to study the Bible or for a priest to listen to symphony concerts.

It is common to class an artist, at least the more popular type of artist, as a mere "entertainer." Yet what is entertainment? Even popular entertainment has a magical spell-binding quality and the least of its performers is an obsessional dedicated to his work. The truth is that "entertainment" is the spiritual life of the world and the entertainer as the "conscious man" is the world's consciousness just as the moralist is the world's conscience. It is a false argument to complain that the moralist at least distracts the mind from self-indulgence whereas the entertainer often tempts it, because this is to compare bad art (which is not Stream-entered) with good morals. Pornography and brutality are regarded as base aesthetically as well as morally. Even sentimentality, which is perhaps the chief ingredient of popular entertainment, is a crude form of beauty. And it is also the chief ingredient of popular religion. The entertainer may be worldly in the sense that he affirms the natural world, but this is also true of his religious counterpart who provides religion for natural men. Neither is ascetic except in so far as self-discipline enhances their creative powers. In exceptional cases, as the Blessed One says, they may "advance to the fifth or sixth stage where they are able to do away with the rising of passions," but this does not mean that they are saints. They remain comfortably within the world of appearances even though they may have "freed themselves from the attachments to the lower discriminations." As "none of these, earnest though they be, have gained an insight into the truth of the twofold egolessness . . . for them there is no deliverance." (The twofold egolessness is God and the Godhead; the All and the One.)

Examples of Stream-entered Realists representing the aesthetic and intellectual mind are abundant, as the early stages of the spiritual life are naturally the most crowded. They range from the crude to the refined; from temporal mediocrities to "immortal" geniuses. In music, for instance, they range from jazz and the "pop" singer to grand opera (Puccini, Verdi, Wagner); all those who trade in natural human feeling. In painting, there are on the one hand the sensualists (Titian, Rubens, Renoir) and, on the other, the "realistic" painters who dwell on appearances (Goya, Hogarth, Hals). And of course the French Impressionists (Pissarro, Utrillo, Monet). Most novelists, poets, and playwrights are Stream-entered disciples, being artist-philosophers observing the human condition (e.g., Homer, Aristophanes, Dickens, Burns, Flaubert, Sheridan and Steinbeck).

In the realm of intellectual awakenment proper, there is again a wide range including all the so-called "intellectuals"; the sociologist, economist, political observer, historian, art critic, psychologist, and metaphysician. They may be rationalists (Aristotle, Descartes, Bertrand Russell, Freud and William James) or humanists (J. S. Mill and Sir Thomas More). Classed among these is also the research scientist, though his knowledge is elementary compared with that of an artist or philosopher. The scientific mind is like a human being whose entire consciousness is absorbed in observing the natural processes of his own body.

Finally, there are the pantheists, the so-called Nature mystics to whom the natural world is not only real, but is God. The unity of Nature experienced by the pantheists, of whom there are examples among philosophers, poets, painters, and composers, corresponds to the unity of Love experienced by the Stream-entered religious disciples, the humanitarians and evangelists; those who prophesy a brotherhood of all sentient beings (e.g., Philosophers: Spinoza, Bergson, Teilhard de Chardin, who was also a scientist; Artists: Wordsworth, D. H. Lawrence, Constable, Debussy).

The second class of Stream-entered Bodhisattvas are the "Masters" (or *pratyekabuddhas*) whose state of being is the "intuitive mind" (or *manas*). They perceive that Reality, in the worldly sense, is unreal:

> . . . they see that all that makes up the objective world is only manifestation of mind, that it is without self-nature, un-born and egoless. [But they] . . . still cling to the notions of individuality and generality and to their own egoness. They will advance along the stages to the sixth only to succumb to the entrancing bliss of the Samadhis.

The "Masters" are the Romantics, a comparatively rare class of spiritual being, who are not understood either by ordinary people or by Disciples, neither of whom question the reality of sense-mind experience. In this way, a bishop has more in common with a fishmonger than he has with a "Master" disciple.

The Romantics are tortured self-divided beings torn between Heaven and Hell, between the ideal world and the sense world, between Universal Mind and Discriminating Mind. The phenomenal world is unreal to them; they can find no satisfaction in it, yet they cannot escape from it. They cannot free themselves from "the notion of an ego and what belongs to it, to which it clings and upon which it reflects."

The religion of Romantics is not the worldly brotherhood or Church that it is for Realist disciples. They have withdrawn themselves from the world which they denounce for its wickedness, and they preach a doctrine of salvation from sin for a chosen élite through prayer and repentance. These are the ascetics, prophets, and contemplative monks. The puritanism that often appears within the Christian Church is not natural to the churchman, who is a Disciple, and originates with the "Masters" whom he often canonizes as saints. Yet they are not saints, but prophets of the true saint. They have failed to attain knowledge of the twofold egolessness which is Enlightenment because of their egoism, and for this reason they may believe in a personal God. This is why they are adopted by the Christian Church, to whom the real saints are often heretics and atheists. It is also what is meant by succumbing "to the entrancing bliss of the Samadhis." To the ego-centred Romantic, inspiration is always mistaken for Divine Knowledge. St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas are good examples of Western "Masters." They could not forget "the notion of their own conscious ego-self and its relation to Nirvana."

In the secular worlds of art and philosophy, ego-centred spiritual evolutionists such as Bernard Shaw, Schopenhauer, and Carl Jung are good examples of "Masters." In the words of the Blessed One: "... this class of masters never get beyond the seductions of their learning and egoism, and their discourses are always in conformity with that characteristic and limitation." "They are of the Stream-entered class." On the other hand, there are the Idealist philosophers (Berkeley and Hume) who perceive that "the objective world is only manifestation of mind" but who have no knowledge of Ultimate Reality.

Turning to the worlds of painting, poetry, and music, one is faced with a dazzling array of Romantic art which the world rightly treasures

as among the finest achievements of the human spirit. A Romantic work is a work which manifests the ideal *through the actual*[1] (e.g., Italian Renaissance painting). In mood, it is often melancholy, for sensing the unreality of the phenomenal world, the vanity and emptiness of the natural life, the Romantic laments upon its ephemeral nature and his own misery. The Romantic is usually extremely self-centred and introverted. The finest actors are Romantics: Shakespeare is the classic Romantic. Other examples would be Goethe, Mozart, Chopin, Byron, Keats, Molière, Chekhov, Dostoevsky, Rembrandt, and Leonardo. Voltaire's *Candide* is a study of the unreality of evil. All works of art by Romantics have a strange dreamlike quality, for the world is but a dream to them. They are sometimes gay but never robust; they are often passionate but never sentimental. Romanticism must not be confused with sentimentalism, which belongs to the "human" sphere of Disciples and natural men.

In contrast to the fifteenth century, which produced the Italian Renaissance painters, and the nineteenth century, which produced the German Romantic composers and the English Romantic poets, the twentieth century is notable for a complete dearth of Romantic art. Spiritually, the world is passing into the shadow of another Dark Age. Contemporary art reflects this decadence and is characteristically low-minded, superficial, materialistic, nihilistic, and frankly bestial. The precursors of this decay may be said to be Charles Darwin, Karl Marx, and Sigmund Freud, whose dangerously part-true philosophies have quickly brought the spiritual sickness begun by science to a crisis. Clearly, "this is not the Dharma," and not only is it difficult to find a "Master" disciple practising the fine arts today, but many world-famous celebrities hailed as geniuses are in fact diabolists profiting by the current spiritual cancer. The popular cult of the primitive in the visual arts is no accident, neither is the soulless dissonance of orchestral music or the harsh functional character of architecture. In presenting the hypothesis that aesthetic experience is the counterpart of religious experience, I am asserting that the beautiful is as valuable as the good, not that the good has the same value as the ugly. To find the religious counterpart to modern art, one only has to discover that art's source — namely the modern "isms": materialism, utilitarianism, socialism, atheism. And that sets the seal upon my original contention that morals, metaphysics, and aesthetics cannot be separated.

MICHAEL BYROM

[1] Not to be confused with pantheism, which visualizes the actual as ideal.

THE GREAT GURU GUNAVARMAN

[Readers may remember the previous essays contributed to The Aryan Path by the late **Most Rev. Karlis A. M. Tennisons**, the Buddhist Archbishop of Latvia. He spent his last years in exile in Rangoon, and his remains are now enshrined in the precincts of the Chinese Buddhist monastery of Kwan Yin Shan in that city. Our late venerable friend had visited China at the turn of the century, and was a devoted student of the history, especially, of Chinese Buddhism. We are glad to publish this tribute to the memory of Gunavarman the Tripitaka-Āchārya. It was left among his papers at death and most kindly sent to us by his devoted disciple-secretary, the Most Rev. Friedrich V. Lustig, who succeeds him in the Buddhist Archbishopric.—Ed.]

We must repay the benefactions of great Masters by paying respect to them and by remembering them.

One of such Masters of the glorious past who deserve our gratitude is the great Guru Gunavarman, an outstanding son of India, who did so much for Buddhism in China. Gunavarman (fifth century c.e.), called in Chinese Kieu-na-pa-mo, was a prince of the royal family of Kashmir (in Chinese Ki-pin). In his book, *The Indian Teachers in China*,[1] Professor Phanindra Nath Bose says:

> Though his ancestors were governing that kingdom for a long time, yet at the time of his birth, his father Samghānanda (Seng-k'ia-a-nan) was living in the forest as an exile, because his grandfather Haribhadra (Ho-li-po-to) had been banished from his kingdom for his harshness.

Already in childhood Gunavarman was a very intelligent and sensitive boy. He could not tolerate the sight of fowl being killed and always quarrelled with his mother when she wanted him to eat the meat of poultry. When Gunavarman was eighteen years old, a fortune-teller told him: "When you are thirty years of age, you will govern a kingdom. Then you shall turn towards the South and shall be proclaimed an Arya (a Buddhist Saint)."

At the early age of twenty, Gunavarman was ordained into the Buddhist priesthood and became a Bhikshu, a son of Lord Buddha, the Expounder of Truth. He was very much interested in monastic discipline (*Vinaya*). Gifted as he was, he quickly mastered all the Buddhist scriptures, having subjected them to a very searching study. His knowledge of the *Tripitaka* was so deep and profound that he was endowed with the

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[1] Professor Bose's book was published in Madras in 1923 by Messrs. S. Ganesan.

coveted title of "Master of the Tripitaka" (in Sanskrit, *Tripitaka-Āchārya*).

When Gunavarman became thirty years old, the ruler of Kashmir passed away without leaving any heir. As Gunavarman was a descendant of the royal house of Kashmir, the ministers of Kashmir decided that he should ascend the throne and rule the kingdom. Proclamation to that effect was made. But when the ministers came to take him to the royal palace, the learned priest declined to follow them. Not long after this event, Gunavarman left Kashmir and travelled south to the kingdom of Ceylon. He preached Buddhism there and rendered valuable service to the people of that country.

As Kashmir was in that age a famous region of *Abhidharma* studies, the Buddhists of Ceylon were particularly interested to learn from Gunavarman more about the *Abhidharma-Mahāvibhāsa Śastra,* said to have been composed by five hundred Arhats at the Emperor Kanishka's Fourth Buddhist Council at Jalandhara, in eastern Panjab, at Tamasavana, or the "Dark Forest Monastery." Many scholars regard even today this work of the Sanskrit Canon as one of the most wonderful literary monuments of Buddhism. The Sanskrit word *Vibhāsa* means "extensive analysis." The *Abhidharma-Mahāvibhāsa Śāstra* explains every point of philosophy as that word was understood in India two thousand years ago. This monumental work was translated into Chinese (two centuries after Gunavarman) by the Buddhist high-priest Hsuan Tsang, the scholar, traveller, and pilgrim, another *Tripitaka-Āchārya,* in the years 656-659 C.E., and the Chinese version consists of 438,499 characters.

From Ceylon the great Guru Gunavarman went to the kingdom of Java. The famous Buddhist high-priest Fa-Hien had visited Java on his way back to China not very long before the arrival of Gunavarman. According to Fa-Hien's observations, recorded in Chinese, Hinduism was flourishing in Java. The oldest Hindu Brahman settlements are known to have existed in eastern Java, but the actual history of these settlements is obscure. Just a day before the arrival of Gunavarman in Java the mother of the King of Java dreamt that a holy person arrived in the domains of her son in a swift boat. Having seen the dream, she was very excited. This influential mother of the Javanese ruler induced her son to welcome the outstanding teacher from India when he arrived the next day and to accept from him the Doctrine of Lord Buddha. Thereupon, the ruler expressed in a royal proclamation the wish that (a) all should obey and venerate the great Guru; (b) that there should be no violence or killing of animals; (c) that gifts should be made to the poor.

Now the great Guru Gunavarman preached the Dharma under royal patronage to the people of all strata of the Javanese society, going from place to place. Equipped with an incredible power of concentration on a task or a problem, Gunavarman became a really towering figure in the spiritual life of his day. His fame spread to many Buddhist lands. The Chinese Buddhist priests Hui-kuan, Hui-ts'ong, and a number of others were deeply impressed by the learning and personality of Gunavarman. In 424 C.E. they decided to approach the Wen Emperor. They proposed to the Emperor that someone be sent to invite Gunavarman to come to China in order to help spread the Buddhist religious instructions in the Celestial Empire.

Gunavarman accepted China's invitation. He embarked on an Indian merchant boat. The wind was favourable, and he landed safely at Canton, then already a huge city. Now the Emperor issued a decree ordering the Prefects and Governors to supply provisions to the great Guru Gunavarman and to take necessary steps to send the celebrated Indian Buddhist high-priest to the imperial capital Kien-ye (modern Nanking).

Gunavarman spent more than a year at a place called Che-Hing. He found that the mountain Hu-che resembled Gṛdhrakūta Parvata, i.e., the Vulture's Peak, near Rajgir, and so the name Hu-che was changed by the pious Prefect of Che-Hing into the Peak of the Vulture.

Gunavarman reached Kien-ye in 431 and the Emperor went in person to meet him. The Emperor is reported to have said to the great Guru:—

> As your disciple, I always wish to follow the teachings of Lord Buddha, and not to kill any sentient being. But in the exigency of time, as an Emperor, I am unable to follow them. Please instruct me, O Master, in these matters.

The Emperor then invited Gunavarman to live in the Che-huan Temple. All possible comfort was provided and the noblemen were ordered to bring homage and gifts to Gunavarman. In the Che-huan Temple the great Guru Gunavarman preached the *Saddharma Puṇḍarika Sūtra* and the *Daśabhūmi Sūtra*. He did much to improve the spiritual welfare of the Chinese people. In sinful persons the reflection of the Buddha is not visible, he preached. He explained how to overcome beginningless Ignorance and transcend the individual existence. To that end we must purify ourselves gradually just as fire purifies gold.

Gunavarman explained that that which feeds the fire of Becoming and leads to rebirths is *Upādāna*, i.e., "clinging to external objects." For the sake of Deliverance the Buddhist devotee must acquire the practical

wisdom relating to the substrata of sensory existence, the sense-organs, and their objects.

Sermons did not demand any effort from the great Guru Gunavarman; for he possessed immovable belief in the truth of Buddhism. To him the Dharma was something startlingly plain, something absolutely clear by its own light.

In all, Gunavarman translated ten works from Sanskrit into Chinese. His Chinese style of translation was perfect, having been cultivated assiduously. A leading Chinese Buddhist high-priest of the time requested Gunavarman to publish the text entitled *P'ou-sa Chan Kie* (regarding the conduct of a Bodhisattva). Gunavarman published twenty-eight sections of the book, which consists of thirty sections. Two sections were translated later by one of his disciples.

But translations were not the most important work of Gunavarman in China. His most important work was the organization of the Sangha of Chinese nuns. Up to Gunavarman's time an organized *Bhikṣuṇi-Sangha* was practically non-existent in China. There were some Buddhist nuns already, but without correct observance of the rules of the *Bhikṣuṇi-Pratimokṣa* (Code of disciplinary rules for nuns). The Chinese texts record that the nuns of the Ying-Fou Temple approached the great Guru Gunavarman with the following request: "It is six years ago eight nuns of the Kingdom of Ceylon came to the capital. In the Song territory there was no Buddhist nun. Where are the rules for the assembly of the Buddhist nuns to be found?"

Gunavarman was willing to give them the precepts. However, there was a difficulty, because the number of nuns was not sufficient for correct ordination and because some of them had not attained the prescribed age. The celebrated Master asked the Chinese nuns to complete the requisite number by inviting new Buddhist nuns from foreign lands. According to Gunavarman's advice, the *Bhikṣuṇi-Sangha* became properly organized in China.

The great Guru Gunavarman passed away in China in the sixty-seventh year of his life.

The importance of his religious work for China cannot be minimized. He accurately presented to the people of China the worthy goal for man's higher striving and injected a large vitality into Chinese Buddhism. He was far-sighted and himself attained an unshakable freedom of mind, because he knew how to still the discriminate activity of the mind. His own high attainments influenced also the life of his followers. Gunavarman knew how to attract deep-thinking minds. And he made it

clear that a state of passivity is not the goal of meditation.

"Beings are tortured by the poison of false notions," he used to say often. And in his sermons he gave a sense of wholeness, a conviction of relatedness, leading to lively concern for others.

In loyalty to truth and for the service of man the great Guru Gunavarman gave the best part of his life to China.

KARLIS A. M. TENNISONS

THOUGHTS FOR THE YEAR

1. Good deeds are never lost, nor bad deeds.

Boys read that in schools, but men read the truth of it in their life's experiences, throughout, up to the end.

2. When you are in trouble entrust your worry to the Great Power which underlies all that concerns you and the world; no matter by what name you address Him.

3. You become greater to yourself and to others by acknowledging your mistakes and faults and by expressing regret for them.

4. Give your other cheek to him who slaps you on one, — that 's not just a saying to be ignored as ridiculous, for it makes you strong and happy and your attacker ashamed and regretful.

5. Remember how you feel a pin-prick on your skin when you put a bayonet on the chest of another or a sharp edge on his limbs.

6. Forgiveness defeats your enemy more decisively than you imagine.

7. A good thought for another brings greater joy than thought for own self.

8. You can give more help and comfort to a sufferer by love and sympathy than by throwing some coins at him.

9. You are superior to another when you feel that you have more to learn from than to teach him.

10. Better health is insured not by drugs and tablets, but by good thinking and good living.

11. Your prayer is better heard when it is for others than when it is for your own self.

12. If you make one happy you are happy too, but the happiness which you give him makes your happiness greater.

13. As we revolve round and round with the earth we inhale the breath, thoughts, and inspirations of those who are in front of us, and they similarly inhale what we leave behind when they come behind us. Thus this world is one house, and people in it form one family. When we forget that, everyone in the family house starts throwing glass, crockery, and furniture at the others, and all become bitter, angry and miserable.

J. M. GANGULI

LIFE AS A SONG

[**Mr. Ernest Hayes** is an old friend to THE ARYAN PATH. In this modest, almost light-hearted, article he affirms his faith that for him who hath ears to hear Life is not a cry but a song. May many others encounter the priceless text he speaks of, *Light on the Path,* and be helped to the same discovery in their own hearts!—ED.]

AN OLD MAN, who has experienced eighty years of what is known in the vernacular as "going through the mill," sits and wonders: Has Life been a miserable Maya, or a joyous one? For it would seem that some mystics, as well as philosophers of very lofty brows, have decided that life is more Misery than Bliss. It must be assumed that these grave thinkers and experiencers speak from personal conviction and regard joyfulness in life as most deceiving and not far from vulgarity. Is one who considers that life in the main has been a sheer delight merely putting a good face on things and striking an attitude? This old man is not so concerned with correcting others in their philosophy as with seeing, if he can, where he has misunderstood life in not discovering such defects and general undesirability in it as many mystics have had revealed to them.

Can it be said that only one likely to enter upon a mystical life is likely to become aware of the emptiness and gloom and continual disillusionment of the unmystical pilgrimage; that others remain in bland ignorance and unconcern? The idea presents difficulties. The majority in ignorance — what awakens them in the very first movement of their inner consciousness that they are missing something of very great importance? *Ennui*? The world can very soon relieve that. Pascal said to a worldling of his time who averred that if he had Faith he would soon give up Pleasure: "I tell you if you will give up Pleasure, you will soon have Faith." There is something faulty there although most ascetics would agree with it. How did the man know that he would soon renounce Pleasure if he first obtained Faith? How could Pascal recommend a bargain — give up one thing and you will receive something different? There are no market places for the priceless and for the unpurchasable. No, the yearning for a life you know nothing about must arise spontaneously, uninvited but instantly welcomed.

Early in life this old man came in touch with a book that greatly interested him. (Wait for it, as the drill sergeant says to the over-eager recruit.) He had read a number of books. The Bible, of every English child's delight seventy years ago, stood out in his memory. And stories

of "The Poor Boy Who Made Good," and even one childish thriller that told how a boy of twelve brought to confusion the evil plots of some smugglers on the Cornish coast. But this new book had the title of *Light on the Path.* This old man picked it up on a second-hand bookstall, and after a time he had almost learnt it by heart. To show that some mystics have agreed that Life is not Misery in its true content, this book says: "Life itself has speech and is never silent. And its utterance . . . is not, as you that are deaf may suppose, a cry: it is a song." But there are far more mystics against the idea of life as a song than for it; they are to be found more in Buddhism and mediaeval Christianity than in Zoroastrian thought, the Vedanta, or among the Sufis of Islam. In Buddhism and in Christianity there has been more withdrawal, more escapism, and a pensive introspection. In Ancient Persia and in Islam one finds a sense of conflict, and, like all good soldiers, the warriors in those faiths are certain of victory for their side.

This old man recalls how he once or twice as a boy sang a hymn in an English church choir:—

> There is a blessed home
> Beyond this land of woe,
> Where trials never come,
> Nor tears of sorrow flow. . . .

At eleven years of age the boy that has become this old man had shed no real tears of sorrow (a little irritated moisture, perhaps) and "this land of woe" had not seemed a bad place, so far as he knew anything of it. But he was discovering that it was a land of woe for quite a number. It was the same world as for him, and yet it was not the same as for him. There was another hymn: "The world is very evil. . . ." It is only fair to admit that most of the verses of the hymn dealt with the joys and delights of heaven; but the first line of it clearly implied that this world was not heaven by any chance and that it was both folly and heresy to think so.

In those days there were no Gallup polls, and he could not decide whether the vote went for Life as a Song or Life as a Cry. And as he began to ponder more deeply he thought the Song had to be sung by musical lips. He had a relative who had no voice for singing at all. He was stone-deaf; he could not tell "God Save the Queen" from "Rule Britannia" unless informed. But he tried to join in, and among boys (some in the church choir) he was urged most unkindly to "shut up." There was nothing wrong with the National Anthem or "Britons never

shall be slaves"; there was something missing in him. Sympathizing with him, though dreading his efforts, this old man learned that the world is, to a large extent, just what an inhabitant makes it for himself; one cannot always blame him for his defects, but neither can he rightly blame the world for his deficiencies, his faults, and his frustrations.

This old man knew that he had certain defects and at first he troubled over them. Then he found that some of them could be overcome. Arithmetic was the very devil to him; history, poetry, composition were as easy as pie. So he faced the devil in arithmetic — and during his adult life became an internal accountant in a large firm and never wrote another doggerel verse. That did not interfere with his joy in life. His early judgement on the world was that it was a good place to be in, if you learned how to adapt yourself.

But that was not sufficient. In his late teens he borrowed a copy of Goethe's *Faust* translated into English. And these words caught him: "If to the moment fleeting past me, tarry, I cry, thou art so fair. . . ." That is the agreement between Faust and the Devil. But this old man never agreed to it. "If I should hold on to what is passing, I hand myself over to your power. It is not only grasping I can destroy myself; it is in clutching when the time for release has come." Not only that. It is hindering and even spurning what is eager to come in. In clutching and clinging, refusing, delaying, and thrusting aside, the same inner slavery is established. To go with the swift current of Life is Timelessness, Formlessness, and "beyond the opposites." It is a reflection, at least, of Nirvana, which is not the end of Time, Form, and Action, but of the wrong re-actions to each. The Song of Life can be sung melodiously, and can give pleasure to others as well as to oneself, when there is deliverance from all that clamps down, that treads heavily, that looks too far ahead, overlooking the immediate, that, finding joy in the immediate, tries to make it the eternal. "Pleasure and Pain come and go" — let them come and let them go. "What thou doest, do quickly," said the Christian Master to his Betrayer. Good deeds demand no less than that. You cannot undo the Past; you will spoil your future if you arrange it before it comes. "The journey of a thousand miles begins with one step on the ground," says the Chinese proverb. "You will enter the light, but you will never touch the flame," says *Light on the Path*. What could be better for the immediate bliss of Life?

ERNEST V. HAYES

THE INTERFERING "ISMS"

[**Shri J. M. Ganguli** writes from a sincere concern at an ominous characteristic of our civilization today. His political illustration is only one out of many possible; but, as he indicates in the second part of his article, it is a terrible age indeed when in every direction a man's chances of being considered or listened to depend upon conforming, upon being untrue in an inner and significant sense.—ED.]

THE SPEAKER stands up on his chair placed at the centre of the field. His party flag is waving in the gentle breeze inviting the villagers, who come and gather round the visitor who has come to give them economic welfare and political salvation. The bulky, big-throated man looks around and starts impressively:—

"Friends, no doubt you have thought over what I said yesterday about the iniquity and injustice under which we the workers suffer because of the selfishness and greediness of the landlords and the capitalists. We have to fight them to get our freedom, but for that we must know the means and devices they adopt to keep us in their slavery.

One means they employ is religion in the name of which they enjoin you to be quiet and submissive and submit to the will of God, 'It was God's will,' they say, 'which made you like this: do not question; do not grumble; do not envy one who has more and may be your master. Have faith in God; Pray to Him, obey your superiors; then, even if you suffer in this life, you will go to God's heaven from here.' Friends, God is a mighty mysterious weapon in their hands to frighten you and to keep you down.

Their other means to suppress you works at home in the family. 'Do not argue; do not disobey; do not insist; do what you are asked to do; follow the family tradition' — all this, cleverly interwoven with fancied sentiments of love and regard. Thus you lose the power to think and the dash to work.

These two powerful means of the capitalists have to be smashed. God is a myth; and, when you grow up your thoughts should go to the State, which supports you, and no more to your old parents who become a burden on the State. Your children, too, should go to the State to be brought up by the State in a way that will teach them to serve the State well."

At this, though there is perhaps some cheering, there is resentment and disapproval also, seeing which the speaker gets down and dismisses the meeting.

In this little village there was perhaps peace and amity, and good relations prevailed. All worked, some at one thing, some at another, without comparing who worked more and who worked less, who got how much, and who ate what. Into its peaceful atmosphere of content and smooth-going the flag-bearing visitors have brought a cloud which looks ominous. The foundations of age-old peace and contentment are being shaken by a few words which were well chosen to excite the impulsiveness of immature youth and to awaken class consciousness and class jeasousy and hatred, which pave the way to internecine local "revolutions."

Interests were classified and coloured and projected on the white background of an existing harmony. To sow seeds of disaffection is easy enough. A man's attention has only to be turned to one who is somewhat better off, and then to accentuate the effect he can be shown pity and sympathy, which make him take you for a friend and well-wisher. It can then be explained to him that his troubles and his poor condition are due to no fault or shortcoming of his but solely to the cleverness and villainy of another person, who has exploited his simplicity and goodness. The simple man to whom such sweet and encouraging words are spoken cannot and will not be in a mood to judge and understand that his new sympathizer and well-wisher is no less exploiting his simple understanding than the one against whom he is provoked to rebel, with only this difference, perhaps, that there was less precalculation and design in the loudly denounced capitalist exploiters than in those who, while professing to demolish class distinctions, plan to raise them in a more dangerous and virulent form, so that they will never subside and never allow room for mutual trust and understanding. Human society with all its multifarious interests and activities and with all its different and distinctive individual units cannot be trimmed hedge-like to one height and cannot be fitted in one row to be watered by one current flowing in one way. Only by each one's blooming in its own way like a flower in a garden can its beauty and fullness arise.

The process of civilization, which has come to mean the imposition of one's own ways on others, has often stunted and arrested natural human growth. And it appears that the more such process has been standardized the less good results it has produced. Originality has been blown off and individuality has been chiselled and rounded to fit into standard moulds. The featuring of culture, which means the ways of moving, eating, talking, and living of some people who can show some positional advantage, is so well done and its propaganda is so

much in the limelight that the common unthinking mass of people willingly offer themselves to be shaped into the approved pattern, not minding the cramping felt on all sides, till they are so fixed inside that they cannot come out. What has been the result? It has been this: that we see all around us people earnestly trying to forget and disown themselves, in order to come up to the marching line of culture, by changing into approved costumes, adopting conventional mannerisms and following the majority in talk and discussions. No wonder we seldom come across a Buddha or a Jesus, an Aristotle or a Socrates; for such as they follow the leadership of their minds, not that of shouters standing on and gesturing from platforms or of some professional flag-bearers in the party processions.

For all our pompous show of progress and advancing culture we have to travel back through many centuries to seek the ideas emanating from simple-living people of older days — ideas which we need even now to provide values to our moral conceptions and to give stimulus to cultural progress. These simple men, whom we have idolized and deified, were not sent to any preparatory school or coaching class to learn thinking. They thought individually, following their own inspiration, which came from their observation, experiences, and reactions.

When we go out to preach in their name, however, we disregard the fundamental condition of freedom of individual thinking which helped and developed their originality and greatness. What we do is to go about from place to place, corner to corner, to disturb a man who may be sitting quietly, or doing, or praying in his own satisfying way, and start lecturing to moralize and civilize him by asking him to change his way. On his head we put a load of do's and don't's which disables him from looking up to the inspiring clear sky and makes him turn down his eyes to the ground merely to hold to the path marked out for him. What such individual and group missionary zeal and civilization drives were doing so long, State organizations have now undertaken to do. It is not merely individuals which these organizations want to drag into their fold; they want the whole people with their families, their lands, their possessions, and their countries. Human beings are thus converted into flocks of sheep confined within the fencing of their folds, where regularity of hours and uniformity of ways are observed, so that they may be put under a yoke at a call, to pull with combined strength the car of the State.

J. M. GANGULI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

THE TEACHING OF THE ZEN MASTERS*

As in his earlier work, *The Supreme Doctrine,* of which the present book is an exacting sequel, Dr. Benoit does not claim to discover anything new by his researches into the nature of the human mind, but only to interpret the teaching of the Zen Masters. He points out, however, that intellectual analysis has become more detailed, searching and expert since the epoch of Hui-neng and that amid the mental complexities of today immense efforts are required to rediscover the simple fundamental ideas.

Certainly he does not spare his reader such effort in this book, which is not for those who recoil from a sustained and concentrated bout of analytical thinking. Yet the underlying theme is simple enough. Man, in allowing the "I" in him to set itself up as absolute and, in identifying himself with his organism and with what he regards as friendly to his organism, has made an enemy of the Non-Self which he seeks to eliminate. He longs for a peace and security beyond the menace and waste of this feud. But only by a profound change of mind, by which he abandons the absolute pretension of the "I-reality," can this come about.

Dr. Benoit devotes Part One of his book to showing how the will to experience in man develops this contradictory nature and the wish simply to understand is countered by a need to grasp life and possess ideas. In Part Two he relates this process to the eternal movement of the Cosmos which is whole through the symmetrical play of the positive and negative forces, *Yang* and *Yin,* the dual forces of integration and disintegration which unite in the one transcendent principle. But through exclusively identifying himself with the positive force and jealously clinging to it man has become the helpless victim of inner contradictions. Yet, however stultifying such a "will to experience" is when pursued one-sidedly, it is a necessary stage in man's development, which compels him ultimately to seek a harmony of opposites by cultivating also a "non-will to experience."

In Part Three Dr. Benoit studies how this most difficult task of basic readjustment can be achieved in our way of thinking and of attention. For, in his view, it is in the structure and habit of our language that the bias of our "will to live" is epitomized. The kind of language to which we are attached he calls "convergent" because its meaning and method support the life-illusion to which we cling. But there is another kind of language, which we reject as meaningless and anti-real, but which can come to us from a hidden depth in ourselves. Such language Dr. Benoit calls "divergent" or "non-convergent"; and the later chapters of his book are devoted to suggesting a method by which such language can be cultivated, not to the exclusion of its opposite, but to correct what he calls "the inner gesture of contraction by which I hear and understand my formal thinking." To succeed in this a new and patient effort of "non-contraction of the mind" is necessary, "of non-attention, lacking in egoistic claims."

The aim and end of such effort are the same as the Zen Masters envisaged through the use of the *Koan,* to "awaken the mind without fixing it on anything." Dr. Benoit may seem to claim

* *Let Go! Theory and Practice of Detachment According to Zen.* By HUBERT BENOIT. Translated from the French by ALBERT W. LOW. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 277 pp. 1962. 30*s.*)

too much when he states that the practice and maintenance of such language is "the only real asceticism" and that in reconciling sense and nonsense we reconcile in ourselves life and death, being and non-being. But on the intellectual level this is true. And though, perhaps, he concentrates too exclusively on this level, the inner counter-work which he proposes is, in fact, directed to re-establishing the heart as the true centre of man's being and consciousness.

This is a difficult and at times repetitive book, and its style can be forbidding and gratuitously difficult. But it measures up to the basic irrationality of Zen, as much contemporary Western writing fails to do, and is extremely penetrating in its analysis.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Sri Aurobindo's Vedic Glossary. Compiled by A. B. PURANI. (Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. x+103+426 pp. 1962. Rs. 15.00)

This is a Glossary of Vedic words, but each word bears the meaning given to it by the "symbolic and spiritual interpretation" of Śrī Aurobindo, the mystic philosopher of Pondicherry. The actual Glossary begins on p. 109, the earlier pages giving "grammatical notes" on Vedic words. A long Introduction, composed of extracts from Śrī Aurobindo's writings, precedes this Glossary.

With the passage of time some of the problems posed here have almost become obsolete now. The fact that commentators like Sāyaṇa give only a ritualistic interpretation of the Veda does not mean that a philosophic interpretation was unknown to tradition. The *Taittirīya Āraṇyaka* (Book V) speaks of the possibility of a *fivefold* approach to the Veda, and the philosophic (*adhyātma*) is one of these. Some European scholars did see (I. 4) in the Veda "a babbling of primitive humanity," but this was at the time Sanskrit was newly discovered by the West and very little was known of the Egyptians or the Hittites. It is generally admitted now that the Vedic *Saṁhitās* contain ample philosophic material and it is their tradition that the Upaniṣads continue. So also the Aryan-Dravidian problem mooted here (I. 2 ff.) arises only from a confusion between linguistic and racial issues.

Since the entire *Ṛgveda* consists only of 1,028 hymns, including the *Khilas*, to speak of "more than 4500 hymns" of it translated by Śrī Aurobindo, as does the Compiler (p. i.), is inaccurate. Again, Ānandatīrtha and Madhva are two names of the same theistic commentator on the *Ṛgveda* (p. ii). If this Glossary is intended for the scholar also, it should be scientific in its arrangement and list nouns under their bases and verbs under their roots.

H. G. NARAHARI

Metaphysics of Advaita Vedanta. By G. R. MALKANI. (The Indian Institute of Philosophy, Amalner, East Khandesh. 299 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00; 20*s*.; $3.50)

The author pointedly expresses his *confessio fidei* in the very opening sentences of his Preface to his work thus:—

> It has long been my desire to write a book on Advaitic metaphysics, because I consider this system as the highest expression of Hindu philosophical thinking. For me at any rate, it is the purest philosophical truth beyond which it is not possible to go.

Significantly, again, he writes in the Preface:—

> My presentation again will not be scholarly or rooted in the original Sanskrit texts and their commentaries. . . . Many different people can understand this great system differently. I claim only a particular interpretation of it, which appeals to me most.

Quite true. Different people have cer-

tainly understood the system differently and had the author chosen — as in our opinion he should have — to document his work with references to and citations from the varying original Sanskrit texts and their commentaries, the divergent interpretations would have come before the readers, who would have been left free to choose whichever of the interpretations appeared to them to be more cogent than others. The particular interpretation which the author espouses is what the reviewer likes to call the "illusionist" interpretation, the essence of which is the doctrine that the world is an illusion, *Māyā* is an illusion, God as *Saguṇa Brahman* is an illusion, the relation of *Māyā* to *Brahman* is itself an illusory relation, and *Nirguṇa Brahman* is the sole Real — illusionism *à outrance*! That the exposition of Advaita in this light has been made by our author with great skill and thorough consistency need hardly be said, such a veteran Professor Malkani is in the field of philosophy. But, as the author has himself told us in the Preface, this is only one particular interpretation, which has appealed to him the most.

"Illusion" is an English word and the English rendering of *Māyā* as "illusion" has been the unhappiest episode in all modern expositions of Advaita in the English language. The Advaitins say that the world is *mithyā* (false), not *asat* (non-existent) or *prātibhāsika* (illusory). The author of the *Vedānta Paribhāṣā* maintains that there are three clearly distinguishable orders of reality, the *pāramārthika*, the *vyāvahārika*, and the *prātibhāsika*; and, scanning through Śaṅkara's writings, we find him distinguishing between the *pāramārthika, vyāvahārika, svāpnika* and *prātibhāsika* orders or grades of reality. In the opinion of our author, *Māyā* which breeds the world-illusion is itself illusory. But that is not what the Advaitins hold. According to them *Māyā* in *bhāvarūpa* is something positive, though inscrutable to reason (*anirvacanīya*) on account of its failure to categorize it as *sat* or *asat*. *Māyā* is the inalienable power of *Brahman* as heat is the inalienable power of fire.

God as *Saguṇa Brahman* is not illusory. It is the very same *Nirguṇa Brahman* in its other or conditioned aspect. The author has referred to my own view on the point on pp. 266-7 of the book and says that it "is a wholly misleading interpretation of the Advaita Vedanta." When no less an Advaitin than Śaṅkara himself maintains the twofold nature of *Brahman* — *dwirūpam hi brahmāvagamyate*, etc. (*Br. Sū. Bhā.*, I.1.12) — I need not plead my case. Nor have I the space here to go into the topic *in extenso*. In the article referred to by Professor Malkani my contention is amply supported by references to and citations from the original texts.

Besides an Introduction of twenty-six pages, the book has five parts dealing respectively with: The Absolute, The Self, *Māyā*, Epistemology, and "Religion, Ethics and Miscellaneous Subjects."

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

Buddhism: Its Origin and Spread in Words, Maps and Pictures. By E. ZURCHER. (120 pp. 32 pages of maps. 25 illustrations); *Islam: Its Origin and Spread in Words, Maps and Pictures*. By DR. F. R. J. VERHOEVEN. (120 pp. 32 pages of maps. 31 illustrations.) (Concise Histories of World Religions Series. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 1962. 15*s*. each.)

These two books form part of a most attractive series that obviously has its origin in the Netherlands. The books are printed in that country; the volume on Islam is by the former Government Archivist at Djakarta, while Dr. Zurcher, of the University of Leiden, is responsible for the one on Buddhism.

There is no mention of any translators' names, and neither book reads like a translation, both being written in a lucid and interesting style, without any unnecessary trimming. This is most appropriate for books intended as compact reference reading for the intelligent layman who wants essential knowledge of the subject, without being overwhelmed by "academization," or condescended to by "popularization."

The unusual layout, with a wide left-hand margin, makes the numerous sub-headings stand out well for easy reference. This same quality of easy reference is found in the coloured maps (most of them double-page), decorated with symbols — famous temples, mosques, statues, etc. — so that by the maps alone one can trace the spreading and retreating of the influence of the respective religions in different periods of history. A table of important dates is given in each book, and the half-tone illustrations of architecture and art, places and personages, help to build up the general picture. As regards the texts, both authors have succeeded in a by no means easy task, that of condensing, without loss of vitality, not only the life of the founder and the history of each religion up to the present time, but also the fundamental tenets of its teaching.

And when, finally, one adds that the two books together occupy only one inch in width on the bookshelf, it will be realized that they deserve a permanent place in one's reference library. Another volume, on Christianity, is promised.

L. MARR

The Way of the Prophet: An Introduction to Islam. By DAVID BROWN. (The Highway Press, London. 120 pp. 1962. Map. 6*s*.)

This is a sincere attempt by an eminent missioner of the Episcopal Church in the Sudan to explain Islam to his fellow evangelists. He does not conceal his motive, which is to bring all souls to Christ, and he realizes that no headway is possible against the Islamic faith without a proper knowledge of the sources of its strength. He writes very fairly and with real admiration of Islam's cultural achievements and the Prophet's excellent qualities. Unfortunately he has succeeded in understanding Islam even less than he believes Muhammad understood Christianity.

Christ and Muhammad served the same cause. Both had personal knowledge of God. Both were concerned with teaching all men how to get this knowledge for themselves. It is only from the natural inadequacy of their followers that contradictions arose.

To give one example of this: in his unfortunate chapter, "Fundamental Differences," the Canon writes on p. 74 that the *Qur'an* likens God to a merchant, and on p. 76 that Muhammad chose to assert God's sovereignty but knew "nothing of his love." Yet was not the parable of the talents, ending with "Fling the useless servant out into the dark, the place of wailing and grinding of teeth!" given us by Christ? I could quote from the parable of the "King who decided to settle accounts with the men who served him," or the King who prepared a wedding feast, to prove that Christ and Muhammad spoke in the same way, in their necessity to teach the unpalatable truth that God, with all His love for man, was not like the father who gives in to the weakness of his child. He was the Almighty, whose will was law, even in Gethsemane. If we can still see God's love through the many terrible words Christ spoke and the more terrible things God allowed to happen to him, can we not use the same scales to weigh the truth of Muhammad? If we quote Muhammad for one thing, should we not quote him also for what balances and explains

it? Every Muslim child knows the story he told of the bird restored to her chicks, ending in the words spoken with the utmost gravity, "You have seen the love this mother has for her own. Verily I declare God's love is greater for man."

God will bring all His diverse sheep into one fold when we all learn at last to see Him as the God of all men, needing His Muslims and His Hindus, His Buddhists and His Jews no whit less than His Christians, to reveal the infinite wonder of His height and His depth. We do not advance that day, no matter how good our intentions, if we ignore the essential truths grasped by a brother's different vision.

When this is said, I like the spirit in which the work under review was begun. The Introduction is very honest, and I commend this book as a courageous step in the right direction.

D. S. MAXTED

Philosophy and Education: An Introduction. By LOUIS ARNAUD REID. (Heinemann Educational Books, Ltd., London. xvi+203 pp. 1962. 25*s.*)

> Philosophy [writes Professor Reid] is a particularly far-reaching kind of thinking and . . . it is a function of a person. . . . It is basically, then, through the deliberate time-taking integration of thinking and belief into personal living that practice, and in particular the practice of education, is changed.

Happy are the students in their course of training, or the teachers reflecting upon their aims and experiences, who meet receptively the challenges and insights which make this book so wise and so creative. For Dr. Reid teaching is much more than an honourable occupation exercised by means of the best techniques. He is entirely a realist and his pages continually reflect the active world of school and the problems of our time. But into these he brings the revealing and integrating truths about values and how they should be measured; persons in the wholeness of their intellectual, emotional, and purposive expression; and life itself in its higher and deeper dimensions which it is so easy and impoverishing to overlook when we talk about education or busy ourselves with the daily work of it. Theory and practice are here interwoven so naturally and skilfully that we never lose the thread, for example, of Dr. Reid's critically constructive discussion of contemporary trends in philosophy, or find ourselves anywhere but in the human atmosphere of class or lecture-room. Persons and personal relationships are central to his concept of education and they are the people and situations that we encounter every day.

In this brief notice we must be content with appraisal, neither summarizing nor commenting. To live with this book — not merely to read it — is to learn what it is to possess the philosophic mind in the truest sense, and thus to discover how teaching can become a perennially fresh and fruitful way of life for both teacher and taught.

BASIL A. YEAXLEE

The Story of Fabian Socialism. By MARGARET COLE. (Heinemann Educational Books, Ltd., London. 366 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 30*s.*)

The Fabian Society is one of those British organizations whose influence has far outweighed its size. It was formed, during the great Labour and Socialist upsurge of the 1880's, by a small group of intellectuals and set to work arming the new Labour forces with theoretical weapons — facts for argument and an approach to Socialism which led away from the direction of Marxism.

After eighty years it can claim most

of the intellectuals of the Labour Party among its members, and although today it is not a leading power in the Labour Movement, at three turning points in British history — in the 1890's, in 1906, and during the 1945 Labour Government — it has been decisively influential. To understand the British Labour Movement therefore one must know the Fabian Society.

Now this is possible through Margaret Cole's history. She herself was the Society's Secretary during its third period of influence, and her husband, the late G. D. H. Cole, had been associated with it since before 1914. They knew intimately those who raised the Society to importance, such as Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Bernard Shaw, and others.

This closeness to her subject does mean that some of Mrs. Cole's prejudices loom large. She tends to write up those events and movements with which the Coles were associated, and to write down Beatrice Webb. Sometimes she sees the Society too much in isolation from the larger surge of the Labour Movement. Yet we are left with a most important book, which chronicles a vital aspect of the British democratic movement, is never dull, and is often fascinating — as when it tells how Sidney Webb diverted money, left in trust for the promotion of Socialism, to found the London School of Economics, while the London Chamber of Commerce was assured that the School had no such aim.

Particularly interesting is the account of the part played by the Fabian Colonial Bureau in assisting the peoples of the colonial territories to achieve their independence.

In her conclusion Mrs. Cole shows how the Fabian Society "broke the spell of Marx" on the Labour Movement (although the Webbs later adopted Marxism as their outlook) and how it influenced the development of the Welfare State and of educational opportunity in Britain. Yet at the end we are left with a question. Has the Labour Party today an outlook and a philosophy that make it a dynamic force to mould the future of Britain? And, if not, did the Fabian Society perhaps not fail somewhere along the line?

H. J. FYRTH

In Search of the Supreme. Vol. II. By M. K. GANDHI. Compiled and edited by V. B. KHER. (Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. 344 pp. 1961. Rs. 5.00)

This volume contains 200 articles and notes by Gandhiji, grouped under four sections: (1) Basic Disciplines, (2) The Story of My Practice of Religion, (3) Personal, and (4) Politics and Religion. The first section deals with vows, the need for them, and the practice of Truth, Non-violence, *Brahmacharya*, etc. The emphasis laid by Gandhiji on the control of the palate may be said to be his distinctive contribution. Gandhiji regulated his own life in the light of the vows he had taken, and his unflinching determination in keeping them and his austerities won for him the adoration of millions. The articles in this section have a biblical simplicity and deserve to be read and reread by all aspirants to a higher life.

The second section, which occupies about a hundred pages, is culled from the chapters of Gandhiji's autobiography and so arranged as to make a fascinating narrative of Gandhiji's spiritual evolution.

The third section contains various personal questions raised by all sorts of correspondents from earnest enquirers to hostile critics, and Gandhiji's patient and good-tempered replies to them. His utter sincerity and humility, disarming frankness, and supreme moral height are seen at their best in these verbal

exchanges.

The last section, which may be considered an appendix, brings out Gandhiji's views on politics and religion, and on other topics not perhaps so germane to the main theme of the book.

These writings, which are in the nature of the confessions and self-revelations of one who lived an amazingly active life, form a human document of inestimable value. In spite of his own admitted failings and oddities, he gave proof of the power of the human spirit and its triumph over matter. Gandhiji's incurable optimism and trusting nature often led him into "Himalayan" miscalculations in assessing the worth of human material round him; yet it was given to him to wield an influence for good over his fellow human beings such as has been given to few in the history of the world.

A Glossary and an Index add to the value of the book.

K. SAMPATHGIRI RAO

A Yankee in Canada. By HENRY D. THOREAU. (An Emulation Book. Harvest House, Montreal, Canada. 126 pp. 1961. $1.65)

Henry Thoreau, whose thought inspired Gandhi and Tolstoi, and, on a different plane, W. B. Yeats, contributed several masterpieces to English literature during his short forty-five years.

Considered by many to be the greatest of all nature writers, he wrote more than a score of volumes, but fame came to him posthumously. His first book, which was printed at his own expense, had not been a success.

A Yankee in Canada, which was first published in 1866, is one of his three famous travel books, and contains a wealth of minutiæ. It can well be looked upon as a guide to the natural history of Canada, and, though written with a studied simplicity of style, it conveys much of the author's philosophy to the reader. Livened throughout by a dry humour, it makes informative and entertaining reading.

For Thoreau, love of nature took the place of orthodox religion, and he felt that forests were holier and grander than churches.

A celibate all his life, he averred that neither money nor love is a necessity of the soul; but, though he lived an ascetic life, he had an abiding love of music, which he likened to a language from another world.

Thoreau's innate humanism manifested itself throughout his life. His refusal to inflict corporal punishment on his pupils cost him his first job, but he made the sacrifice without hesitation, although he had no other prospects in view. Similarly, as a naturalist he could have attained considerable prominence, had he not abstained on principle from killing his specimens for the purpose of studying them.

Fittingly described as "the Cosmic Yankee," Thoreau has an universal appeal.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

Satyam Eva Jayate. Vol. II. By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI. (Bharathan Publications, Madras. pp. 561–1096. 1961. Rs. 6.00)

Rajaji has been a teacher during the greater part of his life. His writings and speeches are not in the nature of *ex cathedra* pronouncements. In all he says he appeals to reason and common sense. In the second volume of *Satyam Eva Jayate* Rajaji writes on a number of problems of supreme importance to our country. He ardently desires the progress and development of our country along right lines.

Though Rajaji is inspired by lofty idealism he is essentially a realist. He constantly reminds his readers that in

our pressing desire to achieve a materialist paradise we must not lose sight of basic human instincts. He commends all charities, even though they be communal, because they signify an individual's desire to do something for his fellow men. When men's hearts are filled with love and compassion for all men, charities will not be communal, but till this happy desideratum is achieved, Rajaji says the State should not put obstacles in the way of those who believe in the trusteeship theory of property and want to contribute their mite towards the promotion of charitable objects, even though the beneficiaries are a somewhat narrow segment of humanity.

Throughout his long and chequered career Rajaji has endeavoured to pursue the path of truth. Like a child crying in the night, like a child crying for the light, as Tennyson has put it, Rajaji has besought guidance from the Almighty. Believing firmly that Truth should be the goal of all who seek happiness and peace for mankind, Rajaji quotes in one of his articles the famous Upanishadic *mantra* which says:—

> The path that the Rishis, undisturbed by unrealized desires, take, the bright path that leads to the supreme abode of Reality, that path is paved with Truth. Victory is for Truth ever, never for untruth.

The two volumes of *Satyam Eva Jayate* give expression to Rajaji's message to the nation in clear and simple language. Rajaji's has been the good fortune to perform many good and bright deeds for his country. But he is writing the brightest chapter of his career in the evening of his life by rousing people's consciences against *adharma* in all walks of life and amongst all sections of the people.

PHIROZE J. SHROFF

Studies in Modern French Literature: Presented to P. MANSELL JONES *by Pupils, Colleagues and Friends*. Edited by L. J. AUSTIN, GARNET REES, and EUGENE VINAVER. (Manchester University Press. xx+343 pp. Illustrated. 1961. 42*s*.)

The twenty-seven essays in this volume, some of which are in French, have been written by colleagues, pupils, and friends of Professor P. Mansell Jones.

This "tribute to a distinguished scholar whose influence on French studies in Britain it would be hard to over-estimate" itself reflects something of Professor Mansell Jones's own high ideals and penetrating discernment, and it would be hard to imagine a more fitting offering to him.

Professor Mansell Jones has defined the function and ideals of the Faculty of Arts as follows:

> The best type of teaching that arts can provide stands high above the level of facts, skills, methods and technique. . . . As well as being a mental discipline, it nourishes the mind and, if it cannot habitually sustain the vision of greatness, it should at least afford the young illuminating glimpses of the best that man has thought, done and said, revealing something of the significance of his achievement through a close comparative study of specimens of outstanding value. The true differentia of humane studies is that, along with imparting their own kinds of knowledge, they should select and present, through intelligent discussion and evaluation, examples of the recorded wisdom, spiritual endeavour and tragic heroism of the race.

The "illuminating glimpses" which this volume contains cover a wide field. There are, for instance, four essays on different aspects of Baudelaire. To the one entitled "The Consciousness of Time in Baudelaire" we are indebted for an account of this poet's search for the means to shake off subjection to the past and how he gradually became aware of the nature of the spiritual and moral life. It is shown how acceptance of suf-

fering is the basis of this awareness and how he learned that suffering, freely accepted and lived, breaks down the barriers of egoism and has a purificatory effect, becoming "*la fertilisante, l'indispensable douleur* [the fertilizing, the indispensable suffering]." This results in a freeing of the will ("*le riche métal de notre volonté* [the precious metal of our will]") for good so that it acquires power. Though this knowledge was not exemplified in Baudelaire's own life, certain of his writings testify to his increasing awareness of spiritual principles.

In "The 'mystical paganism' of Louis Ménard," the writer shows that Ménard (1822-1901) was one of those whose ideal it was to retrieve spiritual belief by "an appeal to the age-long consensus of mankind's religious insights" and who pointed out that

> the heart of a religion lies in the truths enshrined within the myths . . . by a delicate questioning of "*la langue des symboles, cette langue mystérieuse que parlaient nos pères et que nous ne comprenons plus* [the language of symbols, that mysterious language which our forefathers spoke and which we no longer understand]."

This book will make a strong appeal to the scholar, the connoisseur, and all who delight in the countless "illuminating glimpses" which study of this fecund and most gracious tribute will reveal.

H. M. LISHMAN

Rabindranath Tagore on Art and Aesthetics. Edited by PRITHWISH NEOGY. (Orient Longmans, Calcutta, for Inter-national Cultural Centre, New Delhi. 113 pp. 1961. Rs. 3.75)

There is a happy propriety in this collection of Tagore's essays on Art being published for the Inter-national Cultural Centre, New Delhi. Art is not in need of a passport at Port Said nor is it a trespasser beyond the Ural mountains. Tagore lived and preached the gospel of inter-nationalism. He allowed all the winds of culture to blow about Jorasanko, but he was not blown off his feet by any.

These lectures, essays and letters are a provocative commentary on the *sutra*: "The 'I AM' in me crosses its finitude whenever it deeply realizes itself in the 'THOU ART.'" The sheaf of reflections on painting yields a golden harvest of criticism on the rhythm of lines and the rhythm of words. Rhythm is Life. Some artists in Paris, the Mecca of Art, told Tagore that he succeeded in what they had been making efforts to achieve. The best explanation of Tagore's pictures is that explanation does not explain them. As music became independent of words and waxed mighty and strong, pictorial and plastic art should snap the bonds with natural facts. These essays are not academic in character. If only one compares this volume with, say, lord Listowel's *Critical Study of Modern Aesthetics,* the difference is obvious. The poet irradiates the philosopher and the philosopher illumines the poet, whether we read about the coal "suspected of having smuggled within its dark the flaming wine of the sun of a forgotten age" or that "rhythm minimizes the history of a work of art and emphasizes its independence." "The Sense of Beauty" is a kind of *bhashya* (commentary) on Keats's astonishing five words. Art, to Tagore, is surplus, a personal fact drenched in "the holiness of the heart's affections." "To experience a flower is to experience self." Art revels in a new conquest and the desolating hand of Tradition should not paralyse it as it did later Sanskrit literature. Ultimately limiting is realizing and measure is perfection. Beauty is restraint and Discipline is Enjoyment. Tagore's Discipline is Chapman's Ceremony, Spenser's Concord, Shakespeare's Degree — a fundamental aspect of civilized life.

"The Religion of an Artist" is delight-

fully autobiographical. But I object to Tagore's sneer at a modern writer's description of the stars of the evening as "the eruption of a disease in the bloated body of darkness." The context is not indicated; the context alone decides the *aucitya* (fitness) and makes an expression a paladin or a pariah. What about Donne's "Busy old fool, thou unruly sun . . ."? Tagore's explanation of tragic *rasa* or "juice" (a very culinary translation!) as man's hunger for emotional experience is equally unsatisfactory. Tagore's language has not the precision and austerity of a critic but the suggestion and luxury of a poet; it is not a graving tool but a magic wand.

There are several misprints.

K. VISWANATHAM

Far Horizon. By WILLIAM EWART WALKER. (The author, Harrogate, England. 58 pp. 1960. 3*s*.)

Far Horizon is an inspiring volume of sixteen mystical poems. The title has been well chosen, as in this volume the author looks longingly forward to the far horizon of the future for

> . . . something nobler, juster, better
> something finer, without fetter
> some new world of undissolving beauty.

His outlook is one of infectious optimism:

> Life is a fount
> of wealth and love, and thence do flow
> those gifts no lover doth recount.

Intoxicated with love, that God-vintaged wine, he cries out:

> richer far than song of bird
> or human note that I have heard
> is Love's o'ersounding harmony.

Modern life, where "untruth paves the way and baleful airs, made obnoxious by unbridled blasphemy, destroy the flame that lights the path to God," has no doubt broken the poet's heart but has not corroded his cherished conviction. He watches lovingly that nature where the tender violet weaves coverlets for the naked earth and derives heart-warming consolation by contemplating the purpose of human existence:—

> . . . reason lends
> the mask of purpose to our ends.
> And through the soul's grand orbit move
> beauty and faith and truth and love.

Mr. Walker is a "pure poet," who communicates to us the unity of his own inward experience and by so doing, and as an essential condition of so doing, momentarily creates in us a unity of inward experience which is indefeasibly our own.

DILIP KUMAR SEN

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** finds himself musing, this month, on laughter. He compares the laughter of the West, the Middle East, India, and China. More perhaps might be said of laughter in the Indian tradition. Krishna and Narada, at least, are figures of joyous laughter as much as of unsurpassed wisdom; and even the anecdotes about the great Ācharya Śaṅkara contain a laughter that suggests a mind at peace with certainty.—ED.]

MISCHIEF AND ELASTICITY, luminous mockery and perpetual gaiety — all these are to be found in a true humorist. Laughter, when it comes from the heart, is a gift from heaven. It blows across men's souls like a spring wind and leaves refreshment in its wake. Genuine laughter is impossible to the mean, the stupid, the mentally warped. It is no casual gift, no secondary virtue, but a cardinal attribute which comes from Divinity itself, the source of all

good things. To possess it implies the possession of other things — vision, a sense of proportion, some share of the genius to see life steadily and see it whole, including in life that mysterious microcosm, our own selves.

In its perfection, it bears an intimate relation to courage, love of truth, and humility. The coward cannot laugh, for fear dwells upon his lips; there is a laughter which rings out even in the face of death. The desecrator of Truth cannot laugh, for the fountain of joy is dry within him. The proud man cannot laugh, for he is incapable of laughter's ultimate victory, the power to see a joke on himself.

The Japanese Zen Buddhists believe that anyone who has achieved enlightenment cannot be toppled over even by laughter, derision, or playfulness. For this reason they see no irreverence in portraying the state of *dharma* in the form of a child's toy weighted at the bottom, and with the face of Bodhidharma ("awakened to the law"), the Indian sage who brought Ch'an or Zen to China. There is a sign of maturity in all this, as we can only joke about things we are sure of. If you never assume importance, Lao-tse said, you never lose it. Clearly, to have a sense of humour is to have a sense of proportion.

In Zen, Laughter is not only permitted but insisted upon. It is impossible, a Zen scholar recently said, to read the Bible without a smile, and the *Koran* without a chuckle. No one has died of reading the Buddhist *sutras*. But Zen writings abound in anecdotes that stimulate the diaphragm. Enlightenment is frequently accompanied by a laughter of a transcendental kind which may be described as a laughter of surprised approval.

An eleventh-century master to a group seeking Enlightenment had only this to say: "Ha, Ha, Ha. What 's all this? Go to the back of the hall to have some tea!" He then got down and disappeared.

Another Zen story tells of a teacher, Hogen, who lived in a small temple in the country. One day four travelling monks appeared and asked if they might make a fire to warm themselves. Hogen heard them arguing about subjectivity and objectivity. He joined them and said:

"Look, there is a big stone. Do you consider it to be inside or outside the mind?"

One of the monks replied: "From the Buddhist viewpoint everything is an objective projection of the mind, so I would say the stone is inside the mind."

"You must feel very heavy," observed Hogen, "if you are carrying around a stone like that in your mind."

There is a good deal of humour in Confucius and Lao-tse, and both humour and gentle irony in Chuang-tse. Confucius was not a punster by any means, but he could not resist at times a line that could drive a point to his pupils, like: "A man who does not say to himself What to do? What to do? — indeed, I do not know what to do with such a person."

Confucius could, as becomes a true humorist, laugh at himself. Once a man from a certain village remarked, "Great is Confucius! He knows about everything but is an expert about nothing." Upon hearing which Confucius said to his disciples: "What shall I specialize in? Shall I specialize in archery or in driving a carriage?"

Lao-tse himself said in the Book of Tao: "If it were not laughed at, it were not Tao." And many scholars will agree with Lao-tse that upon first looking at the Book of Tao the reaction of the majority is to laugh.

Amongst the Chinese sages Chuang-tse's jokes are the most delicate of all. There is one about his dreaming he was a butterfly and while he was in that dream, he fluttered among the flowers and was sure he was a butterfly. When he awoke, he said to himself: "Now am

I Chuang-tse dreaming of being a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming of being Chuang-tse?"

When Chuang was about to die his disciples went about preparing for him a ceremonious funeral. He bade them desist.

> With heaven and earth for my coffin and shell, with the sun, moon and stars as my burial regalia, and with all creation to escort me to the grave — are not my funeral paraphernalia ready to hand?

The disciples were horrified lest the Master be exposed to the carrion birds of the air. To this Chuang replied, with gentle humour: "Above ground I shall be food for kites; below I shall be food for ants. Why rob one to feed the other?"

China has its humorists, Japan its Zen philosophers, Persia its Omar Khayyam; but the Hindus have largely remained solemn. "They were overwhelmed, one sociologist pointed out, but not amused." The inconsistencies of life turn the Hindu reflective and he is too busy resolving them to be able to laugh.

Taoists are humorists because they can recount their failures and embarrassments. "Even when they discuss serious things," says Radhakrishnan, "the Chinese have a sense of humour."

The Chinese has been interested in leisure, relaxation, and contentment; not so the Hindu. The Chinese sage is at peace with a twinkle in his eye chuckling away at men's follies and their ways. He can laugh at himself and at others. The Hindu does neither. The Hindu saint, even though still, is busy. This world or the next has little to amuse him; for he is reaching out to peace and liberation, which for him is an unceasing endeavour. There is something solemn about it all. Philosophy and solemnity are, they say, synonymous. It is like the man who came to see Dr. Johnson and said he was trying to be a philosopher but cheerfulness would keep breaking in.

Persia, Arabia, and India have something in common in the Jester's humour. There is always the Emperor and the Jester, or, better, Wit. Persia and the Arab World can boast of Haroun al Rashid's Abu Nawas; India its Birbal and Aliyar. In Sanskrit plays it is the Vidushaka or Joker who, like Touchstone, provides amusement. But the humour of the Vidushaka lies in making a clown see the wisdom of things when it is, presumably, lost to all. One laughs because the wisdom of the simpleton proves wiser than the wisdom of the learned. Yet the laughter is levelled at one or two people.

It may be that the lack of humour in some Asian countries is due in part to a pessimistic approach to life, or because religion, the sense of the sacred and the spirit of reverence preclude humour. Perhaps that is why Lin Yutang considers that the absence of religion is responsible for the Chinese wanting to make the most of this life when the farce is over.

A good many Asians do not consider life to be a farce. The Indian *rishi* flashes to his goal, through *yoga,* like an arrow to its target; the Chinese depicts a meditative sage fishing in a muddy stream with a twinkle in his eye and a merry smile. In India, foolish and inept questions are answered by silence; the Chinese prefer to answer such questions with a witty paradox; the one persuades you to answer the question for yourself; the other sends you cheerfully about your business.

The Chinese spirit, especially when Taoist, is touched with the lightest gaiety. The words of the Taoists seem like those of a man so full of years and experience that he can speak only in riddles; and their books are the most cryptic in existence; they use five words where a Hindu would use fifty and a European philosopher five hundred.

BALDOON DHINGRA

THE P.E.N. ALL-INDIA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, MYSORE

ALL ROADS in the beautiful city of Mysore, nestling at the foot of a hill whose history is rich in association, whose mythology has made many a blind Homer sing her glory, led to the monumental Crawford Hall to listen to the inaugural speech of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India and also the President of the Indian P.E.N., at the sixth P.E.N. All-India Writers' Conference held on 3–6 August 1962 under the auspices of the University of Mysore. Poets, playwrights, editors, essayists, and novelists from all over India and foreign diplomat-delegates from the United Kingdom, the United States of America, Australia, and Indonesia responded to the invitation of the University of Mysore and of Mme. Sophia Wadia on behalf of the P.E.N. All-India Centre.

The sixth Conference achieved a success with its impressive opening in the circular hall of the Crawford Building. It was a colourful gathering which demonstrated the love of the Indian public for writers; it was a symbol of the care that the independent Government bestows on them. There was an atmosphere of solemnity and dignity, in which arose the sweet music of the invocation. Professor N. A. Nikam, Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University, in an informative introductory speech spoke of the mythological associations of Chamundi and Mysore; of the story of Mahishasura, who was slain by the tutelary deity of Mysore, who established the triumph of good over evil; and of the tradition that envelops the royal family and its scholar-princes, including His Highness the Governor of Mysore, and their contribution to Indian culture.

President Radhakrishnan started his inaugural speech with a reference to Prime Minister Nehru, who was unable to attend the Conference, and his significant contribution to Indian letters. He then dealt briefly with his theme, the place of the writer in the scheme of things, and his contribution to life. "A writer is a product of the past, a successor to the present, a creator of the future." It is the business of the writer to relate the past to the future, to reconcile the ideal and reality, and to move the minds of men and the hearts of the people around him. He then spoke of India's ancient tradition and the unbroken culture of the ages, and of how she has been exposed to foreign influences which have become part of her cultural consciousness. The President declared, "We are not religious unless we feel in the pulse of our being that heart-beat which is the heart-beat of humanity."

Mr. R. M. Auty, the representative of the British Council, Madras, referred to the status of writers in England, while Dr. John T. Reid of the American Embassy spoke of the writer in America. Mr. N. Bartlett of the Australian High Commission humorously remarked that it was a great wonder to him that the writers in India are treated with so much respect. After a few remarks by the Indonesian delegate, Shri Humayun Kabir, himself a writer of note and an old member of the P.E.N., spoke of the responsibility of the writer in modern India.

The impressive function came to a close with Madame Sophia Wadia's expression of gratitude to President Radhakrishnan, His Highness the Governor of Mysore, who is also the Chancellor of the host-University, and to the enthusiastic Vice-Chancellor, Professor N. A. Nikam. She referred eloquently to the role of the writer in today's world and summed up with emotion the ideal of the P.E.N. — one world living in unity.

The opening day's proceedings came to an end with the Mysore University's giving a sumptuous dinner and treating the delegates to a programme of Bharata Natyam.

Next day we met at the Centenary Hall to discuss "How Writers See Contemporary India" under the chairmanship of Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, who surveyed at length the great influence of the writer felt at all times in all countries. He cited the influence on affairs wielded by Wordsworth and Voltaire, in addition to the political thinkers like Rousseau and Diderot. He also spoke of the powerful impact of the epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata,* and the Upanishads on Indian writing and writers. Tagore, Gandhi, Sri Aurobindo, and Subrahmanya Bharati, who inspired the national movement with their writings, knew the epics well. Bharati's songs are popular all over Tamilnad. But in the post-Independence writers he noted a certain amount of "moody rebelliousness, disillusion, and even frustration." But contemporary India throws a challenge to the writers and they have material in abundance.

The note of disillusionment was echoed by Professor V. Seetharamiah:

> Many writers see only meaninglessness, boredom, ugliness, want of coherence in the world before them. . . . To moan, to groan, to curse, to hurl defiance, to hide away in disgust and gorge salads and luxuries of sentiment, if easier to do, is not a man's job. Our times face us with a challenge; and with the whole of our spirit and full-bloodedly, like the master spirits of the epic ages, we should meet it.

The meeting was brightened by Professor Gangadhar Gadgil's posing the question, Why should Indian writers of today regard it as their responsibility to depict contemporary problem and interpret it? He inspired the members by saying that a writer need not be well informed. Professor Ezekiel, provoked by this, pointed out that a writer ought to be knowledgeable, and gave examples from Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets.* Shri Gulabdas Broker made a point in his paper. The discussion was enlivened by the humorous remarks of Shri Ka Naa Subramanyam and Shri R. K. Narayan. Shri K. Chandrasekharan resented any external pressure on a writer.

The discussion at the afternoon session, on "Ideas in Modern Poetry," under the chairmanship of Shri Umashankar Joshi, was also a great success. Professor Ezekiel, Professor Gopalakrishna Adiga, Professor M. V. Rajadhyaksha, and Shri Madhav Achawal, well-known as poets or as critics, discussed the meaning of "ideas" in relation to poetry, and agreed that ideas form an integral part of a poem. They said a good deal about the essential elements that go into the making of a poem as an expression of emotion or of the moral sense.

Next morning, under the chairmanship of Shri Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, the discussion was on humour. It is customary for the Indian P.E.N. on one day of its conferences to give representation to all the Indian literatures, including the Indo-Anglian. Sixteen papers were read on "Humour in Modern Indian Literature," and all sought to show the kind of humour that exists in each literature. Despite the subject, it turned out to be a dull session, because humour thought out and written in Indian languages had to be conveyed through English, except in the case of the Indo-Anglian writers. But the tedium was relieved by the chairman's charming sincerity, freshness of ideas, and sympathy. He emphasized the necessity of humour in our everyday life, incongruous as it is, rounded with a laugh. He gave it a philosophic interpretation. "Creation is *ananda,* dwells in *ananda* and moves into *ananda.*" There was little discussion as the speakers were many and the audience were not acquainted with all the languages.

But it was broadly agreed that humour is a foreign commodity and that our little Huckleberry Finns and Sam Wellers are still asleep on Chamundi Hill waiting for the sun to warm them.

On the last day the writers listened to a symposium on "The East-West Dialogue" presided over by Madame Sophia Wadia. In her opening remarks she spoke of the necessity of seeing the unity in diversity. Dr. William Mulder, a visiting American professor, used a striking image: Hilary and Tensing standing on the top of the world's greatest mountain peak and seeing the East and West as one whole. Others who read papers were Dr. J. F. Bulsara and Principal M. G. Bhate. Shri Annada Sankar Ray's and Dr. Mulk Raj Anand's papers were read *in absentia.* Each paper put forth a point. Professor Ezekiel, participating in the discussion, wondered how the dialogue could be further promoted through the universities, seminars, and writings, and how these abstract ideas could be put to actual use. Madame Wadia, summing up, quoted:

> The world in which we live is an intact whole, indivisible, with a common awareness of the human heritage. We hear of labels such as "Greek" or "French" or "Indian" or "British" .... It is not that these labels are wrong. But the lamp that lights a corner of a room illumines the whole of it. The light is shared by all; to shut it out is to be perversely and wilfully blind.

She wanted our outward differences to be subdued to the higher purpose of achieving unity. An individual can be a good example of the blend between East and West — an "easy mixture" of the two. Madame Wadia is an illustrious example of this easy mixture, and hers was an effective plea.

His Highness Shri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur delivered the closing speech and struck a note in consonance with the ideals of the P.E.N. He declared:

> It would be a very great thing if all men and women connected with the profession of letters all over the world were to band themselves as missionaries in the cause of peace, international amity and world unity.

In the course of the four days writers from various parts of India met, lived, and conversed together. Interesting things were said and important subjects were discussed. The Sixth P.E.N. Conference at Mysore will be remembered and cherished.

H. H. ANNIAH GOWDA

THE PRESENT AGE

Man lives because he must, yet some had dreamed
that he was born a lord and not a slave ;
but now he follows lust, bows down to greed
and digs for honour grave on grave.

WM. EWART WALKER

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"——————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

A lucid and illuminating article by a philosopher of repute, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Chicele Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford University, is reprinted by *The Sunday Times* (4 November 1962) from the quarterly *Insight*. It clears away so much confusion on the much misunderstood question of "The Purpose of Philosophy" that it is worth publicizing further. He points out that, too often, the subject of philosophy is dismissed as a mere exploitation of verbal confusions, "a symptom of intellectual immaturity," only fit for a museum of outworn speculative disciplines.

In a masterly outline sketch of the history of Western thought, he shows the overlap with science. But, no matter how many questions can be transformed into problems capable of empiric treatment, the vast bulk of philosophical questions which cannot be treated thus never grows less. The importance of men's general philosophical conceptions of the universe is that these determine their views of one another, and of themselves. He concludes:

> The perennial task of philosophers is to examine whatever seems insusceptible to the methods of the sciences or everyday observation, e.g., categories, concepts, models, ways of thinking or acting, and particularly ways in which they clash with one another, with a view to constructing other, less internally contradictory, and (though this can never be attained) less pervertible metaphors, images, symbols and systems of categories. It is certainly a reasonable hypothesis that one of the principal causes of confusion, misery and fear is blind adherence to outworn notions, pathological suspicion of any form of critical self-examination, frantic efforts to prevent any degree of rational analysis of what we live by and for. . . . The goal of philosophy is always the same, to assist men to understand themselves and thus operate in the open, and not wildly, in the dark.

The October-December 1962 number of *World Forum,* the vegetarian and humanitarian magazine "for better living," edited by Esmé Wynne-Tyson, is, as is natural, greatly concerned with Christianity and the Christmas festival. The Editor makes a plea against the orgy of present-and-card-giving without any of the real Christmas spirit, as well as the monstrous feasting and extravagant luxury, for which birds and beasts are massacred by the thousand. On the unification of Christianity, "Diotima" comments that "if there is to be a coming together of the Churches they must first separately return to the Christian ethic that they have betrayed and abandoned. . . ." Even the recent modernized version of the scriptures, *The New English Bible, New Testament,* put out jointly by the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, comes in for a stricture, in a review, as being in places obscure and ambiguous. The need is "to make known the original teachings of Jesus Christ."

The Editor's strongly feminist attitude is reflected in the magazine. Henry Bailey Stevens, in "A Call to Mothers," suggests that they adopt the wise maternal techniques of prevention, used when quarrels threaten the family peace, for wider peace work, including also the fostering of the attitude of non-violence in the use of animal products. Another

article on Richard St. Barbe Baker, the famous silviculturist and founder of "The Men of the Trees," brings forward as worthy of acceptance the ancient concept of the earth as a sentient being, to be treated with reverence also.

It might be added that the Christmas cycle of good will is not merely a Christian festival. This turn of the year, extending into the first few days of January, marks a universal influence, an upsurge of new and strong life, when resolutions planted in the subjective realm respond to the urge to growth. All efforts at harmlessness, *ahiṁsā,* are deserving of special encouragement then, since they are in tune with divine as well as material nature, and should have a greater chance to flourish.

The Book Trade in Great Britain is rejoicing over the judgment given by the Restrictive Practices Court on 30 October 1962 after a twenty-four days' session (*Bookseller,* 1 November 1962). It means acceptance of the fact that "books are different" from ordinary commercial products. The latter come within the sphere of the 1956 Restrictive Trade Practices Act, which was enacted to prevent artificial price levels being maintained by manufacturers' "rings," to the detriment of the public.

In the 1957 Net Book Agreement, made by members of the Publishers' Association, each publisher fixes a net price for each book published, below which, with certain exceptions, it may not be sold to the public. This agreement has been judged not contrary to public interest. The production and marketing of each book is an individual and highly speculative matter, both for publisher and bookseller, in which judgement plays an important part at each step for each item, and there is competition all the way. The publishers' most important medium for reaching the public is the "stock-holding" bookseller, whose chief concern is the book trade. He has to offer also an efficient book order and information service, of great value to the public, but unremunerative to himself, since charges for such service would inevitably be resented. Most booksellers have "a sense of vocation" whose satisfaction outweighs the somewhat meagre profits. But they would, it is claimed, be put out of business by the uncertainties of a cut-price system if the Net Book Agreement were rescinded. The difficulties of the book trade in Canada, where there is no retail price maintenance, were adduced to show that the price-cutting of books by stores and supermarkets as a device to attract custom often forced booksellers to sell below the price they themselves had paid. Price uncertainty would also worsen the position in the case of library purchases and export orders.

In the Court's opinion, the Net Book Agreement was not a price-fixing arrangement. Each publisher was free to make any book net or non-net, to alter the price, etc., and there was also no restriction, within the meaning of the Act, in the agreement between publisher and bookseller about net price. Its terms permitted the bookseller to dispose of slow-moving stock at a lower price after a certain lapse of time, and also by the accepted Annual National Book Sale.

The Judge, in summing up, stated the three consequences which it was agreed would be produced by the condemnation of the Net Book Agreement: (1) fewer and less well equipped stockholding bookshops, (2) more expensive books, (3) fewer published titles. The Court therefore declared that the Agreement was "not contrary to public interest."

In a Court dealing with legal matters, metaphysical intangibles are out of place, but it is worth remembering that "words" and books are embodiments of living "Ideas" — Ideas which rule the

world. Books, in essence, are not just mass-produced means to mere material benefit, but may be said, in a sense, to have "souls," good, bad, or indifferent. Despite accusations sometimes made that there is a snobbish sense of superiority in the Book Trade, book-publishing and selling "is different" — *nota bene,* when it is carried on in the right spirit.

There is still great need today for Movements such as "War on Want" and "Freedom From Hunger" working to provide material necessities — food, clothing, tools, technical training — for people in the underdeveloped countries and in the refugee camps. But so-called civilization produces, in addition to the material problems, an even larger crop of psychological ones. In both cases, self-help with friendly guidance and support has proved the most efficacious. The many groups using this technique include Alcoholics Anonymous, Neurotics Nomine, the telephone Samaritan service founded by the Rev. Chad Varah for those in despair and intending suicides. There is also the Family Service Unit's work in rehabilitating problem families, and the work of Eugene Heimler, in conjunction with the National Assistance Board. He has described it in *A Link in the Chain,* its aim being to help the "work shy" to a will to work with a purpose.

One such group, in which the two remedial factors of insight and the arousal of the will are most apparent, is the Recidivists Anonymous Fellowship, a group originating in two wings of Wandsworth Prison, London, and founded by Richard Hauser, Director of the Institute for Group Studies. Its aim is to help the prisoners on their return to the world, and T. L. Iremonger, M.P., describes a visit to it (*Guardian,* 7 November 1962), and its aims and methods.

The steps to reintegration are by means of guided discussion groups. First, all the pent-up resentment, hatred, and passion have to be "worked-off." Then the men learn something of the art of self-examination, assessing their hitherto glamourized anti-social attitudes as belonging to such-and-such an immature social age (four years old was a common self-diagnosis). Then comes the awakening of a sense of responsibility (including the desire to make recompense) and the will to achieve.

There are four crises the former prisoner may have to pass through before finding final stability:

(1) the gate crisis, when he leaves the shelter of the prison for the demands and responsibilities of "Outside";

(2) the home crisis (if he has a home), when he has to reassert his position of responsibility in the family;

(3) the work crisis, when he generally has to change his former attitude to it;

(4) the crisis of recurrence, when, perhaps after a long period, he has to fight a resurgence of the old impulses and urges, when he seems driven to the same old actions of thieving and violence, as in the days of his "immaturity." In such a case he can contact a guiding member of the Group by telephone or otherwise, and thus get moral and psychological support to strengthen his will to resist.

Several things struck Mr. Iremonger about the men in the Group — their power of self-expression, their freedom from self-pity, "the realism and responsibility with which the prisoners faced the difficulties ahead of them."

Such help is indeed part of the "true service of humanity."